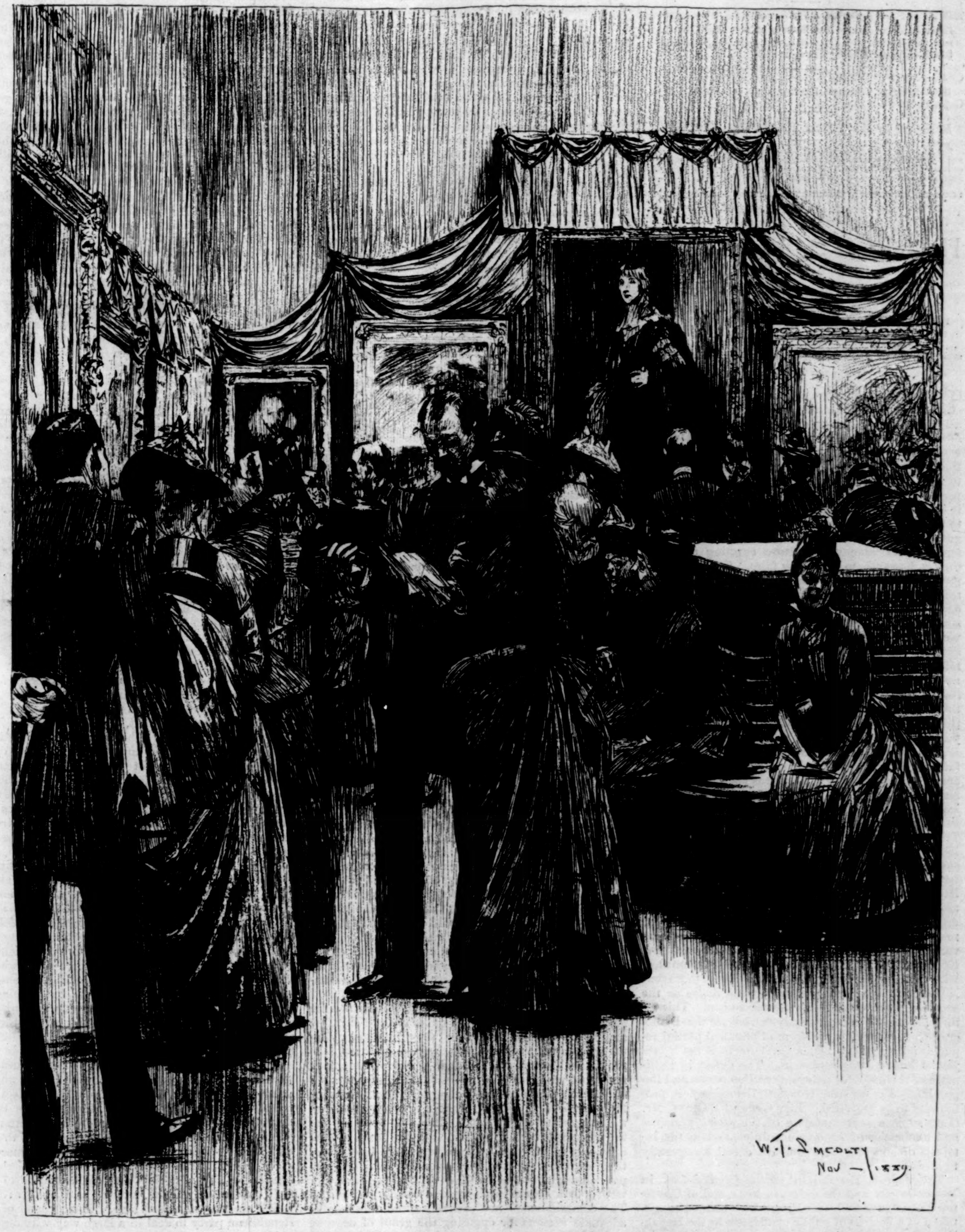
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIII.—No. 1717.
Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



THE AUTUMN RECEPTION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 914.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

WARNER'S NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD. A Novel. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. pp. iv, 396. Post 8vo, Half Leather, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges, $1 50.

BRIDGMAN'S PICTURES OF ALGERIA.

WINTERS IN ALGERIA. Written and illustrated by FREDERICK ARTHUR BRIDGMAN. pp. viii, 262. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

LATHROP'S NOVEL OF THE PRESENT.

WOULD YOU KILL HIM? A Novel. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. pp. iv, 384. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE POLITICAL PROBLEM.

By ALBERT STICKNEY. pp. vi, 189. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE STORY OF A BOY'S ADVENTURES.

DORYMATES: A TALE OF THE FISHING BANKS. By KIRK MUNROE. Illustrated. pp. 403. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (*Harper's Young People Series.*)

CRADLE AND NURSERY.

By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. pp. viii, 298. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE, a descriptive list of over 3000 volumes, sent post-paid on receipt of Ten Cents.

No. 1717.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

THE late elections were most interesting and significant from their indirect results. The most generally valuable of such results was the demonstration of the complete success of the reformed or Australian ballot system in Massachusetts. The experience of that State puts beyond question the immense benefit to honest elections, and consequently to the public peace, of the new system. The droll objection that it is a "mongrel foreign idea" is equally applicable to trial by jury, the habeas corpus, and constitutional government. But the assertion that it is complex and impracticable was a more cunning plea. It proves, however, to be utterly false. The system, in practice, was found to be entirely simple and universally satisfactory. This indeed is not surprising, because the American adapts himself readily to any reasonable method for a good purpose, and his conviction that an honest ballot is worth trying for was shown by the sudden and general demand for ballot reform, which was quickened by the monstrous and notorious corruption of the elections of last year. Should the Democratic party in New York oppose the adoption of the reformed system, it will show the persistence of the malign spirit which formerly opposed a registry.

Another indirect interest in the elections was the fate of Governor HILL. His mastery of the Democratic campaign in New York was such that the defeat of his party would have extinguished his political hopes. The same reason gives great significance to his complete success both in the State and city. That success establishes the HILL machine as the dominant Democratic power in New York, and throws a suggestive light upon the future. It is very early to begin a campaign for the Presidential nomination, but circumstances have permitted the Governor no alternative. He must demonstrate his actual leadership at every election, and his success this year makes future success easier. Another interest was that of the endeavor, under the lead of Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, DUDLEY, and the National Committee, with the alleged sympathy of the President, to present MAHONE to the Southern Democratic States as the accepted representative of Republicanism. This effort has failed conspicuously, although the Democratic success upon a platform of practical partial repudiation and white man's government is not a subject of honest congratulation. The defeat in Baltimore of the union of independent Democrats and Republicans against the GORMAN Democracy is profoundly to be regretted. Like General MAHONE, Mr. GORMAN is a representative of the worst practices and tendencies of American politics, and in the interests of honest government his defeat was greatly to be desired.

The narrow Republican escape from defeat in Massachusetts, and the defeat in Iowa, and of Governor FORAKER in Ohio, are signs which cannot be mistaken of a decline of public confidence in the Republican party. Massachusetts was for many years the typical and chief Republican State, and Ohio is a Western Massachusetts, having always preserved the character and impulse of her early New England settlement. The real causes of the change which the elections show are not obscure. They are even more to be found in what may be called the recent character and tone of the party than in the public judgment of the policy which it has adopted. With FORAKER as its representative leader in Ohio, PLATT in New York, QUAY in Pennsylvania, DUDLEY in Indiana, CLARKSON in Iowa, MAHONE in Virginia, it is not surprising that it has lost much of the kind of ascendency which it once enjoyed. The elections of this year show conclusively that in a national contest it would not be easy to forecast the result.

WOMEN AS SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

MAYOR HEWITT appointed two ladies as school commissioners, and their reappointment is under consideration by Mayor GRANT. The only question that seems to be really involved is that of their fitness, for there is no longer any question whatever of the desirability of the presence of women upon school boards. This is obvious not only *a priori*, but from actual experience. Nine-tenths of the public school-teachers, probably, are women, and half of the number of pupils are girls, and they are all entitled to the same intelligent supervision with the men teachers and the boy pupils. But such care is impossible without a due participation of women in the councils and care of the schools. The care of women in public institutions of every kind should no more be committed exclusively to men than the care of men in such institutions to women. This is a principle which is now widely recognized in hospitals, prisons, and even in police stations. It has been long acknowledged in the direction of education, and there are no more valuable members of rural school committees than suitable and intelligent women. In New York Governor TILDEN led the way in introducing women into suitable public responsibilities by appointing a woman upon the State Board of Charities, and it was Governor CORNELL, we believe, who appointed another. The public advantage of those appointments will not be denied, nor the value of the service of the ladies. There are a special knowledge and experience in the board from the presence of those members in regard to a most important branch of its duties which would be otherwise wanting.

This is equally true in the management of the schools. The pupils are still, many of them, tender children, and the maternal instinct and care are supplied by the women upon the committee, who are generally mothers. The propriety of such appointments is not open to discussion, and the impropriety of excluding women from the practical supervision of schools is evident. There was no doubt of the excellence of Mayor HEWITT'S selections, so far as the character and intelligence of the ladies appointed by him were concerned. Experience alone could show their practical suitability for the work. Unfortunately, like most public institutions in New York, the schools are involved in politics, and are not always managed with exclusive regard to the interests of education and the public welfare. The commissioners Mrs. AGNEW and Miss DODGE, according to the general understanding, have discharged their duties with ability and devotion, and to the best results. Doubtless the more resolute and persistent, even in a good course, they may have been, the more decided would be the opposition of other interests. But such opposition would by no means indicate remissness upon the part of the commissioners. A delegation of women teachers have presented to the Mayor a protest against the reappointment of Mrs. AGNEW and Miss DODGE, upon the general ground that they have rendered no important service, and have even been hostile to the interests of teachers and scholars of their own sex. The evidence which the protest submits is that they opposed the granting of degrees at the Normal College, and supported a system of examination against which more than two thousand teachers protested, "with reasons that should have appealed most directly to commissioners of their own sex." Miss DODGE'S course in regard to Miss MASON, one of the teachers, is also condemned, and in general it is alleged that whatever has been well done by the commissioners has been done by the men.

The spokesman of the delegation also informed the Mayor that there is a spirit of gallantry and chivalry among the men which prevents them from criticising the women on the board, and the women do not take rebuffs as they should. But is it not possible, is it not most probable, that the spirit of gallantry and chivalry inclines the men commissioners to unwise leniency toward women teachers when women commissioners are wisely firm? Is it not probably for the reason, to put it gently, that the women commissioners decline to be humbugged by teachers of their own sex that the more chivalric masculine supervisors are preferred? May not the protest really testify to a firmer and more desirable discipline? The commissioners are probably quite able to give adequate reasons for opposing the grant of degrees, and for the examinations which they favor; while the protestants, on their side, doubtless rely upon the "spirit of gallantry and chivalry" in a masculine Mayor, who is also a Benedick. The petition of which we speak has been offset by one largely signed by men and women of the highest intelligence, character, and public spirit, including many teachers and educational leaders. As Mrs. AGNEW and Miss DODGE have been in every way capable, faithful, and efficient, failure to reappoint them would be abandonment of the most desirable policy of women commissioners.

MR. McCULLOCH ON THE TARIFF.

THE recent paper of Mr. HUGH McCULLOCH in the New York *Times* upon the tariff as the great issue is a model of the public discussion of important public questions. It is very able, candid, calm, and moderate, and it is addressed wholly to the reason, not to passion or prejudice. Mr. McCULLOCH has filled with great distinction and ability the highest financial office in the country at the most important junctures, and his wisdom and experience as a counsellor are unsurpassed, and wholly unaffected by party predilections. Like every man of strong convictions he has sympathized in general with one of the great parties of his time, but his position has been that of independence rather than of vehement partisanship. As his delightful autobiographical recollections show, his temperament is most fortunate for a political counsellor, for he is singularly just, tolerant, and sympathetic, as well as sagacious and intelligent. He was a HENRY CLAY Whig, and as such he is to-day a tariff reformer. He was a Republican of the early day before Republicanism was identical with extreme protection; and his mastery of finance, with his prolonged practical conduct of financial affairs, in which his life has been passed, and his entire impartiality, give his opinions a weight which those of very few political orators or leaders possess.

Mr. McCULLOCH considers the tariff to be now the paramount public issue. There is, however, he says, no free-trade party in the United States. Both the great parties hold that the government must be supported mainly by duties upon imports. But the Republican party holds that duties should be levied mainly for protection. The Democratic party holds that they should be levied for revenue, but mainly upon luxuries and upon articles which are made in the United States, which will be thus incidentally protected. This, Mr. McCULLOCH says, was the position of the Whig party when HENRY CLAY was its leader. The general defence of a protective tariff rests, he says, upon three grounds—that it stimulates production, advances wages, and lowers prices by creating home competition. He admits that protection was once needed to establish manufactures. But its continuance has stimulated them beyond the needs of the country, so that few factories are now worked to their full capacity, and it is estimated that if all should be actively employed for six months they would satisfy the demand. The tariff stimulus thus leads to trusts to regulate and diminish production. Wealth has been largely increased by manufactures, but it is not widely diffused. The nation has been mainly enriched by agriculture, but not at the expense of other interests. Yet agriculture has received no favors from Congress except in wool-growing—a favor which obstructs the woollen manufactures.

As for the second point, wages are higher here than elsewhere, although they are falling, and unless immigration is checked must soon decline to the European standard. Yet protected manufactures promote immigration in order to lower wages. Free-trade in labor, which the protected interests welcome, will produce practical equality in wages between this country and other countries. Thirdly, the cheapening of goods in common use is due mainly, not to protection, but to improvements in machinery. Protection not only prevents free exchange between this country and other countries, but establishes combinations to prevent free-trade at home. The objections to protection are, first, that it is class legislation; second, that it is no longer needed to establish manufactures, nor to protect home interests against foreign importations, because most articles of general use can be made as cheaply here as elsewhere; third, not only is protection class legislation, and no longer needed for legitimate purposes, but it is closing the markets of the world against our agricultural productions; and fourth, if it has not caused the decline of our merchant marine, it obstructs its restoration. Mr. McCULLOCH'S paper is a very simple and lucid statement of the elements of the tariff question. He believes that the question is more generally understood than ever, and sound views of the subject are prevailing so rapidly that he thinks if the tariff should not be wisely revised by the next Congress, public opinion will acquire such momentum that it will be revised much more radically by the succeeding Congress. The principles of revision should be freedom of raw materials, and concentration of the tariff tax mainly upon luxuries and upon articles which are manufactured here. The capacity of the Republican party to deal in a large way with a great public question will be again tested in the approaching session of Congress.

A FEW FACTS.

In his characteristically courteous and good-natured speech at Cooper Institute on the eve of the late election, Mr. Depew said that the charge of infidelity to his reform pledges which is made against the President by those who voted against him "is always accompanied by the assertion that the civil service law in its letter and spirit was wholly lived up to by Mr. Cleveland." But is this exactly so? The chief critics of this kind are civil service reformers, who, in the League resolutions of 1887—and the resolutions of the League are the only authoritative expressions of such reformers as an organized body—said:

> "The National Civil Service Reform League, while recognizing the good faith with which the President has sought to uphold the civil service examinations, and acknowledging the many excellent appointments made by the present administration, the frequent instances of Executive disregard of merely partisan demands, and conspicuous instances of the retention of satisfactory officers during their terms, has yet learned with profound regret that the change in the unclassified civil service is so great as to forecast its complete partisan reconstruction by the close of the administration. The League does not believe such a change to have been required by the condition of the service, nor justified by intelligent public desire or expectation. Holding that changes of inferior officers should not be made for partisan reasons, or merely for the purpose of making places for others, it regards the action of the administration in this respect as tending to confirm the system of abuses which the League seeks to reform, and as furnishing a mischievous precedent for succeeding administrations."

This is not unqualified praise, nor is it an assertion that the spirit and letter of the reform law were always fully lived up to by President Cleveland. Even the President of the League, whose hypocritical and insincere Democratic partisanship and violence Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge fears may have been hopelessly injurious to reform, said at the same time:

> "It would be a great wrong to the cause of which the League is the authorized national representative if it did not plainly and emphatically declare that it does not regard the administration, however worthy of respect and confidence for many reasons, as in any strict sense of the words a civil service reform administration."

These statements certainly seem to show that some of those who now criticise President Harrison's conduct in this matter were by no means unqualified eulogists of President Cleveland as a civil service reformer. But in making comparisons between the course of the two Presidents one decisive fact must be remembered. While President Harrison's partisan "sweep" has been more general within the same time than President Cleveland's, his party solemnly and specifically promised to sustain reform, while President Cleveland's did not.

No failure of President Cleveland in this respect, however, nor any unconditional assertion that his was a reform administration, in the least degree excuses President Harrison for the unquestionable violation of his voluntary pledges. Mr. Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, who supported Mr. Harrison as a candidate who would be truer to reform than Mr. Cleveland had been, now writes as a Republican, believing that his party represents "the higher and nobler interests of the community," that the President

> "has abused the appointing power to place the party in New York under the domination of Tom Plattism, in Pennsylvania under Quayism, in Virginia under Mahoneism. He has degraded it and himself in obedience to a short-sighted opportunism which seeks to utilize the baser element of the party at the expense of the principles to which it and he alike are pledged."

President Harrison's critics are not only those who voted against him. Indeed the simple truth is the "fatal difficulty," to use Mr. Depew's phrase, which is encountered by every man who attempts to show that the President has fulfilled his pledges.

THE ELECTRIC WIRES.

Under the decision enjoining the Mayor from putting an end to the perpetual danger to life from the rusting and falling electric wires, there seems to be no present remedy for an imminent public peril. The law, indeed, forbids further wires in the streets, and orders the removal of those that are already there. But the judicial decision apparently exempts the companies from obedience to the law, and, as the falling of the wire in Fourth Avenue the other evening attests, there may be at any moment a repetition of the sad tragedy of Feeks's death.

This is certainly a singular situation for a civilized community. The danger of terrible catastrophes from the unnecessary exposure of the wires has been demonstrated in New York at least, if nowhere else. The exigency is such that the law has interfered. But the bench stays the action of the law, and the peril continues. It is a case in which the public is at the mercy of corporations, whose weapons of offence are such that they can be touched only at extreme hazard to life. This constant public peril undoubtedly enables the corporations to pay larger dividends. But any public reason for permitting the situation to continue has not been offered.

It is such conduct of corporations, such disregard of private right and convenience and safety, which stimulates the hostility to corporate wealth, which rapidly increases. It is the belief that such wealth buys legislatures, and controls judges, and tramples upon individual rights, and establishes in effect and for certain purposes a sordid and remorseless despotism, which fosters the various doctrines and schemes of nationalism and socialism, and tends to a hostility of feeling toward wealth which is in every way to be deprecated. It is a sign of monstrous and criminal carelessness that electric wires should be suffered to rust and rot and drop, and some day, when a life precious to the community is sacrificed to this reckless neglect, there will be a public feeling which will secure a remedy.

A LESSON OF THE DAY.

The fact that party politics have nothing to do with municipal elections was strikingly illustrated by the late Mayoralty election in Brooklyn. The argument upon both sides was that the candidate would husband the taxes more shrewdly, would secure better accommodation and progress in the schools, lay more pavements, clean more streets, strengthen the police, and increase the water supply. These were all legimate arguments. Such duties are all common interests of the citizens. But they are not questions upon which parties divide, and no man's party opinions furnish any clew to his conduct upon these subjects.

If Mr. Chapin has made a good Mayor, it is not because he is a Democrat. He might hold the soundest opinions upon the tariff and yet make a wretched Mayor, and what Democrats and Republicans both desire in a Mayor is not a protectionist or a tariff reformer, but an energetic and able administrator, who, without inordinate increase of taxation, will take care of the common interests in the schools, the police, the water supply, and the streets. There is no political policy to subserve in the government of a city, and its citizens, who are generally members of one of the great national parties, merely make themselves pay heavily and uselessly when they permit party considerations to intrude into city affairs.

The real and legitimate speeches during the brief Brooklyn canvass were that part of Mr. Tenney's speech which was designed to show that Mr. Chapin was not an efficient and economical spender of taxes and manager of streets and water supply and other strictly municipal interests, and the detailed rejoinder of Mr. Chapin in defence of his official conduct. To call Mr. Tenney a protectionist and a supporter of Platt would not have answered his arguments, and to denounce Mr. Chapin as a free-trader would not have strengthened Mr. Tenney's accusations of municipal inefficiency. Such talk would have been merely an appeal to party spirit, which would have produced no other result than to increase party feeling on both sides. It was the effort of both orators not to show, on the one hand, that Mr. Chapin was a Democrat, and, on the other, that Mr. Baird was a Republican, but that one of them would be a better Mayor than the other. There could be no more signal demonstration of the wisdom of discarding party names and ties in a city election, and American good sense and good-nature, which are sure to correct abuses and to improve methods, will presently perceive this fact, and act accordingly.

AMERICAN LIBERALITY.

The project of a national monument to the memory of the late German Emperor William, under whom the German Empire became a fact, led to a competition of one hundred and fourteen sculptors and architects, which has resulted in the award of the two highest prizes to plans in which architecture predominates. The first prize is given to Messrs. Rettig & Pfann, who are now building in Berlin the house of the Imperial Parliament. They propose a kind of Pantheon, in which, under a lofty dome, shall stand a statue of the Emperor surrounded by statues of his generals. A hall filled with figures of the German sovereigns would make part of the structure, with bass-reliefs commemorative of the progress of German unity.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says that the decision of the committee surprised the critical public, but, upon the whole, it is generally approved. The project will not wait upon a popular subscription, like our Grant monument and Memorial Arch, but the imperial treasury will furnish the funds, which, however, will be taken from the German people. Maria Theresa, as a late writer shows, was very munificent, but he adds that the Austrian people had to pay for her imperial generosity.

The apparent difficulty of raising popular subscriptions for memorial objects in this country is due largely to the incessant appeal, and to the factitious interest arising from the exaggeration of newspaper representations. It is easily within the power of the press to overstate the popular feeling upon any subject. Superlatives in ink cost little, but to most men, even in America, a thousand dollars is a large sum to give for any purpose, especially for one which is purely sentimental. There is, however, no lack of generosity in this country. No country ever rivalled it. But it tends toward the foundation and endowment of useful public institutions—colleges, libraries, museums—rather than to merely commemorative monuments. Genuine American liberality is seen in the multitude of such institutions founded by private citizens, and in the unstinted contributions for the victims of yellow-fever and of Johnstown disasters.

SOME ADVANTAGES.

No city in the world probably presents simultaneously a greater variety of attractive dramatic performances than New York offered at the opening of the season. Signor Salvini, Mr. Booth and Madame Modjeska, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Florence, followed immediately by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Wyndham, with the constant standard local players, compose, as the bills say, an unequalled combination of talent and a public entertainment of the most intellectual and delightful character. Mr. Booth and Mr. Jefferson, in the ripeness of their powers, command universal admiration and approval, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have been received with an appreciation which assures them of a most cordial welcome upon their return.

It is the more pleasant to record the attractions of the theatrical season because of the stronger hold of the theatre upon respectable public opinion. The charm of the stage is old enough, but the reputation of the theatre, even within the memory of men living, was not agreeable. But it has greatly changed, even since the days which Mrs. Fanny Kemble describes in her diary, when she and her father, Charles Kemble, amid the imperfect and inadequate resources of the old Park Theatre, held spellbound the grandparents of the audiences of to-day.

In the current number of Harper's Magazine Mr. Laurence Hutton recalls vividly and with sympathetic discrimination the long list of Hamlets who have appeared in New York. The latest of them is Edwin Booth, who some years since achieved the unparalleled feat of a continuous hundred nights' performance of the play. At this moment, also, Mr. Booth is occasionally playing the character with as fine insight as ever. In many ways he is undoubtedly the most poetic Hamlet—the Hamlet of the imagination—that our theatre has seen. Indeed, as the New-Yorker contemplates the different opportunities of his city, he agrees heartily with the remark of his fellow-New-Yorker recently returned from Paris, who paused in his description of the great Fair and the view from the Eiffel Tower to observe, "But New York has some advantages."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The fashion of the holiday book has happily changed, and the old annual and keepsake is like a pre-Adamite relic. It is pathetic to look at one of them, and reflect that our intelligent forefathers and mothers were entertained by them. Yet it is not so surprising if those ancestors were like the figures of the *Quiet Life*, which Mr. Abbey presents to us in one of the most attractive and beautiful books which this Christmas season will produce—a monument of the genius and skill of the editor, Mr. Austin Dobson, the artist, Mr. Abbey, and the publishers, the Harpers, who have co-operated to give this enduring form to certain charming and famous, if not familiar, verses. Mr. Dobson, in taste and sympathy, is what Carlyle would have called "the heaven-born editor" for such a work, his own verses having the fresh and simple melody of an earlier day.

Another beautiful holiday book, also published by the Harpers, is in a wholly different vein of interest, but is also a work of permanent value. It is *Cathedrals and Abbeys in Great Britain and Ireland*, with descriptive text by the Rev. Richard Wheatley, D.D. The illustrations are most satisfactory. They are quite large enough to convey the imposing impression of these great historic monuments, and to enable the student to study their details. Nothing can give such a just conception of the ecclesiastical architectural riches of England as this volume, which suggests a journey of unsurpassed interest and pleasure to the cathedral towns of England.

A third book, issued by the same purveyors of seasonable public pleasure, is *Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings for the Human Race*. The title is wisely comprehensive, for the sentiment which they embody is universal. It is the love of children and delight in their enjoyment. The hero of the book is good old Santa Claus, with his pack and his sleigh and reindeer, who this year will bring no more welcome offering to boy or girl than this pictorial memoir of his own good deeds. There are other timely and beautiful books published by the Harpers with special regard, in their character and appearance, for this season of the open heart and pocket. One of them is *The Odd Number*, a little book of delightful tales by Guy de Maupassant, translated by Jonathan Sturges, with a capital and delicately discriminating introduction by Henry James.

PERSONAL.

A Mary Washington Monument Association has been formed by the women of Fredericksburg, Virginia, where the burial-place of Washington's mother has long been in a disgraceful state of neglect. In 1833 Silas Burrows, a wealthy New-Yorker, started to build an imposing monument over her grave, President Jackson and other dignitaries being present at the laying of the corner-stone. Before the monument was completed, however, Mr. Burrows lost his money and died, and since then time, war, and relic hunters have sadly defaced the half-finished structure. The present activity of the Fredericksburg women was stimulated by a movement of the Old South Church in Boston for the completion of the monument, and it is believed that the long-suspended work will now be carried to completion.

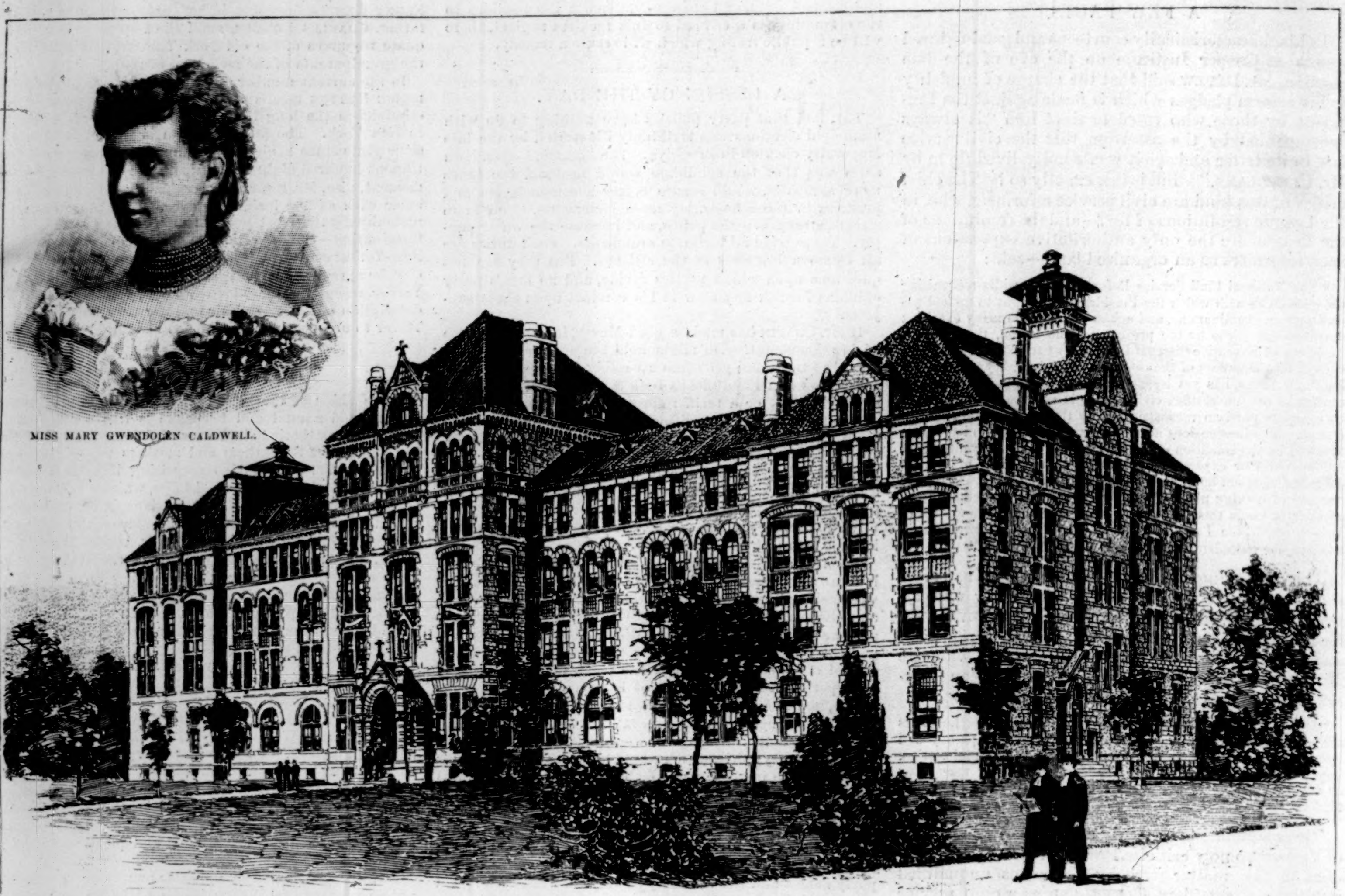
—Delamere Place, ex-Secretary Bayard's beautiful home in Wilmington, Delaware, is full of curious associations. It occupies a commanding site, and was built in 1820 by Colonel Samuel B. Davis, a retired officer of the United States army. Colonel Davis became a well-known Delaware politician, and accumulated much wealth by his business association with Daniel Clark, of New Orleans, the father of Myra Clark Gaines, whose stubborn and prolonged legal fight against Davis, her guardian, to recover millions of dollars' worth of property, gave her a national reputation. In her girlhood Miss Clark lived at Delamere Place, and believed herself to be Colonel Davis's daughter, although she was only his ward. Mr. Bayard bought the homestead in 1870, and since then has found there such rest and comfort as his political life would permit him to enjoy.

—Queen Victoria wisely provided that her children should be educated in the practical as well as the ornamental branches. They were given the best of teachers in languages and music, and then the princesses were taught how to sew, cook, and make butter and cheese, while the tool shops at Osborne gave the princes a fair knowledge of carpentering. Consequently the Prince of Wales is not only a good classical scholar and an accomplished performer on the piano and banjo, but he is quite handy in the use of carpenter's tools.

—Although ninety-four years old, Hon. Bonum Nye, of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, still performs his duties as president of the North Brookfield Railroad, and secretary and treasurer of the local savings-bank. He has been a Freemason since 1816, and remembers the time when for twelve years the town refused to put him on the jury list because he belonged to the order.

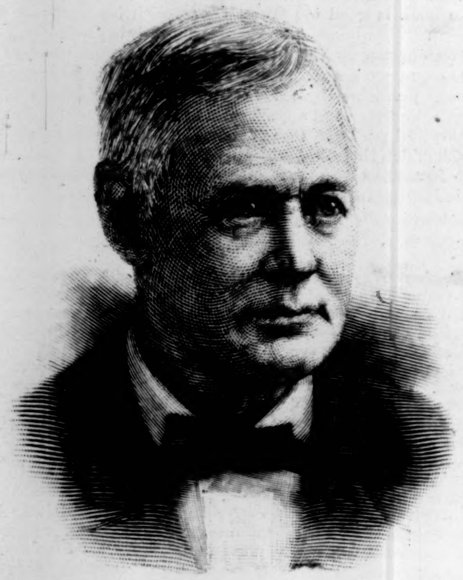
—The little Northamptonshire (England) village of Sulgrave, the home of George Washington's ancestors, has been aroused by the theft from the Washington slab in the nave of the parish church of two brass plates. There were six of these plates, and they formed interesting memorials of the lives and deaths of Lawrence and Amy Washington, who died respectively in 1583 and 1564. The stolen brasses are believed to have been taken by two Americans, who, like many others of their countrymen, were supposed to be making a devotional pilgrimage to the place.

—After the capture of Jefferson Davis there were numerous applicants for the reward offered by President Lincoln, and it has been a long task to sift out the deserving claimants. Honore Levernier, a private, has just received his share of $293, and four others are yet to be paid.

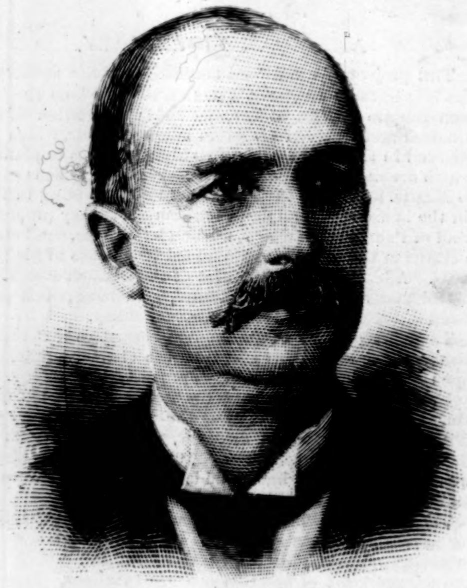


MISS MARY GWENDOLEN CALDWELL.

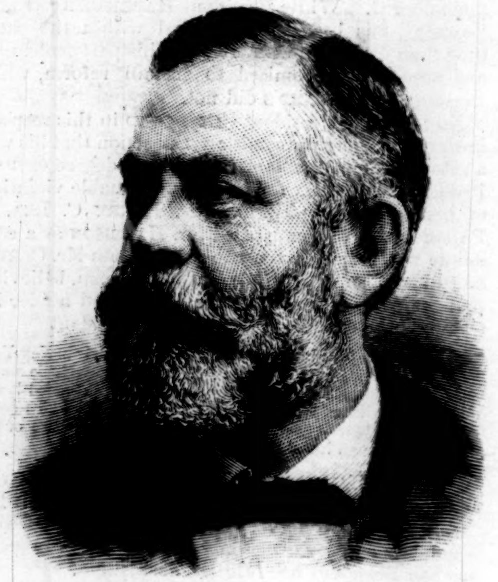
THE DIVINITY BUILDING OF THE NEW CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—From a Photograph by Bell.—[See Page 914.]



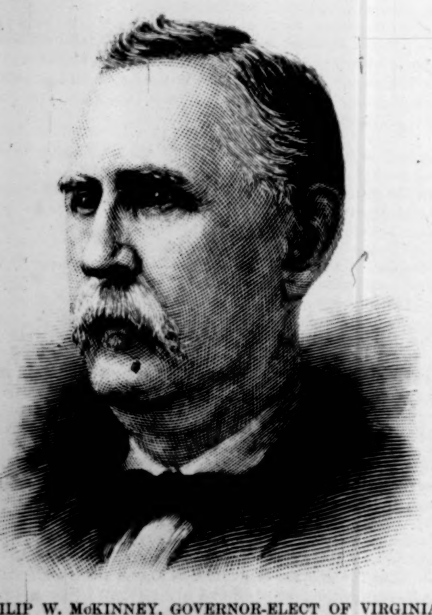
HORACE BOIES, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF IOWA.



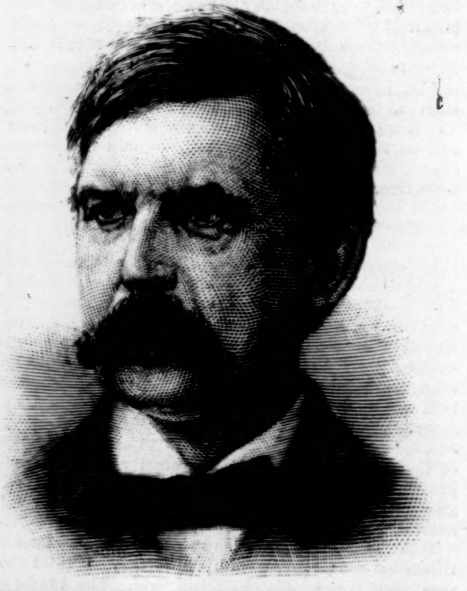
JAMES E. CAMPBELL, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO.
From a Photograph by Overpeck, Hamilton.



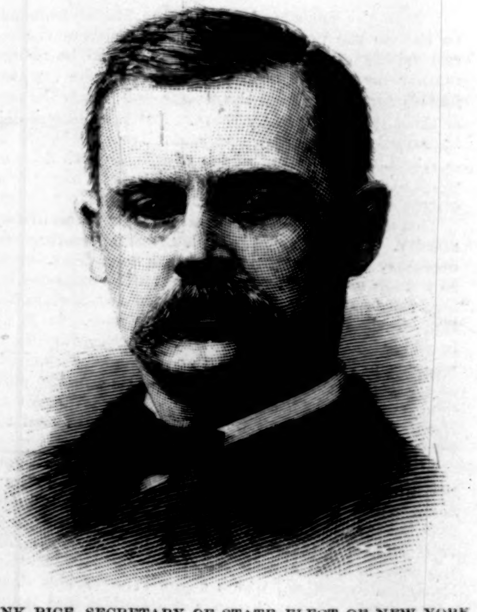
LEON ABBETT, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW JERSEY
From a Photograph by Gubelman, Jersey City.



PHILIP W. McKINNEY, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF VIRGINIA.
From a Photograph by Cook, Richmond.

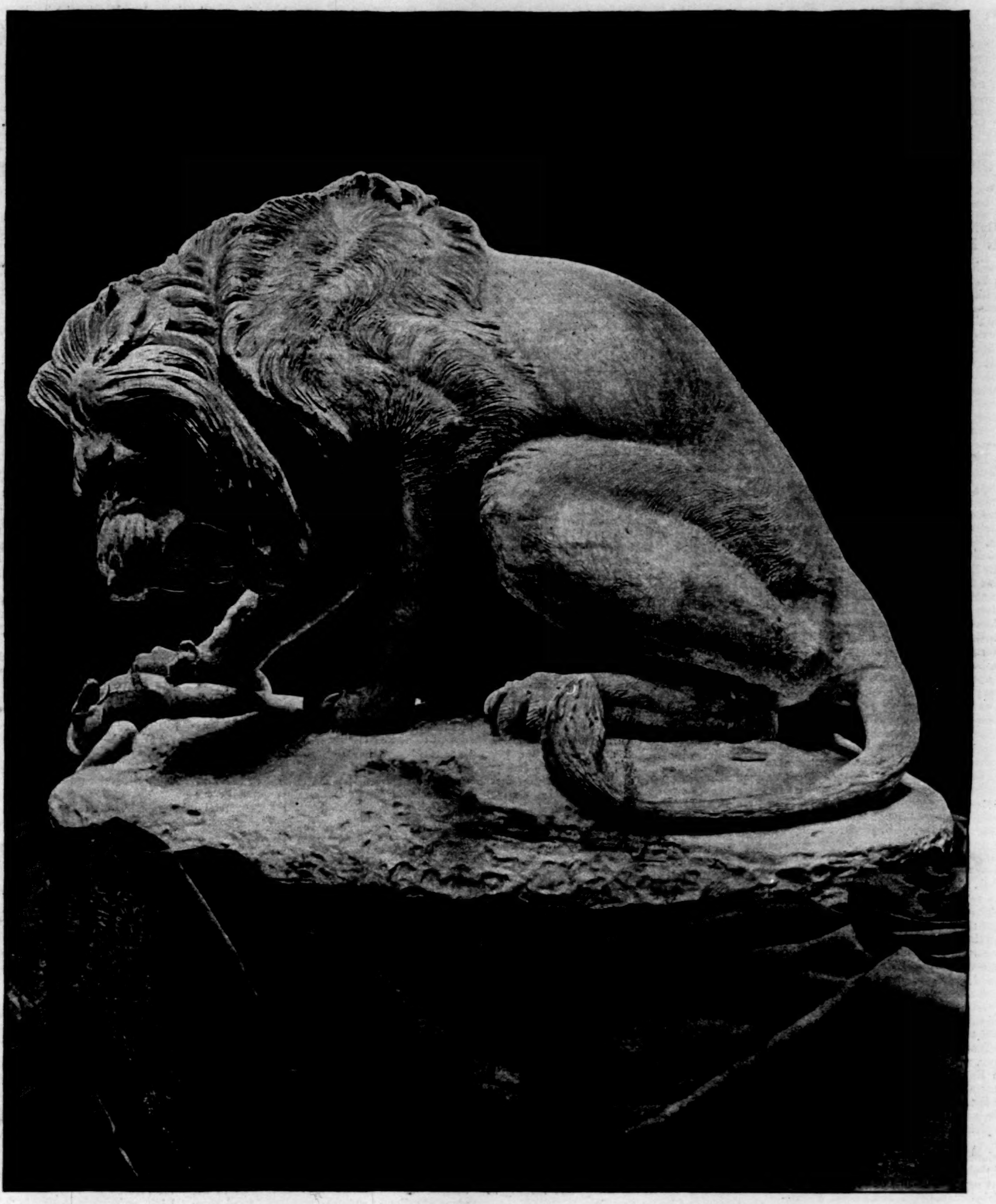


JOHN Q. A. BRACKETT, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—From a Photograph by Black & Co., Boston.



FRANK RICE, SECRETARY OF STATE ELECT OF NEW YORK.
From a Photograph by Notman, Albany.

STATE OFFICERS ELECTED ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1889.—[See Page 915.]



THE CAST OF BARYE'S GREAT WORK "THE LION AND THE SERPENT," PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE LION AND SERPENT CAST.

On the Avenue des Feuillants, in the Tuileries gardens, near the Seine, stands a group of animals in bronze which caused much perturbation to artists and amateurs of Paris more than fifty years ago. It was modelled by a sculptor who at that period was either unknown or little esteemed by most of those who professed the arts or took some interest in them—one Antoine Louis Barye, a quiet fellow of thirty-seven, who had taken but a single prize for sculpture, and that a second-class, and was thought of as an artisan rather than an artist. But even then the naturalness of the lion that has met a serpent in his path, and, half in wrath, half in cat-like cruelty, has struck his paw upon it, impressed all whose education in art had not limited their ideas to certain formulas. The sculptor had chosen a quiet moment, a middle point between the assertion of his kingship on the part of the monarch among beasts and the imminent destruction of the snake. The gesture of the latter was no less natural, for it showed the worm (by which our Saxon ancestors almost always meant a snake) about to turn and attack its tormentor. One of the tragedies of beast life was caught in enduring bronze when the sculptor gave that snarling look to the upper lip of the lion which comes from the exposure of his enormous canine teeth, and that fateful grip of his paw, with its five great claws protruding from their several sheaths. That part of the serpent free from the paw writhes back to strike, as all serpents will, whether their bite is deadly or not. Artists who had studied wild animals must have marvelled at the masterly way the lion's mane and hide were treated. The naturalist, accustomed to describe animals and dissect them, must have been surprised to see such truth to nature, not only in the positions of lion and serpent, but in the gradation in prominence of the claws on the two front feet of the lion compared with the retracted claws on the hind feet, and also in the nervous, living look of the great cat's tail. Perhaps be noted also how the manner in which the snake opened its mouth explained that it was not of the deadly kind, but of the constrictor class, because the poisonous snake opens its gape very wide, in order to bring into position the lancet teeth in the back of the mouth, which secrete and carry the poison.

The colossal lion and serpent of the Tuileries was cast from a wax model, by an expensive but perfect process, under the superintendence of Gonou, a famous man in his day; it remains one of the finest pieces of foundry-work which Paris can boast. It earned for the sculptor a great deal of attention and some abuse, the latter from artists who considered animals unworthy of the fine arts except in the most subordinate positions, from critics who reflected the Classical ideas against which Romanticists in literature and the arts were rebelling, and from the light-hearted makers of jokes, who saw a chance for a witticism that would be appreciated by those as unobservant and ignorant as themselves. It was a triumph for Barye, yet gained him enemies among men who were eager and able to make that triumph the last one for many years to come. "Are the Tuileries to be turned into a menagerie?" exclaimed an artist. And with that cry ready to hand, with the sneer of "animalist," and the more practical argument that enough honor had been done Barye by giving him a place near the palace and the Louvre, the men of jealousies and intrigues were only too successful in keeping commissions from a workman who is now considered the most original genius in sculpture which the century has produced. "Had he been born in Great Britain," said an English artist, "we would have had a group by Barye in every square of London."

The United States, however, appreciated this sculptor better than Britain did, for it is here that the largest collections of Barye's bronzes exist. In Baltimore a bronze replica of the seated lion of the Louvre guards the Washington Column on Mount Vernon Square, and there one also sees bronze reductions of two of the four groups carved by Barye in stone for decorations to one of the inner fronts of the Louvre. They were given to Baltimore by Mr William T. Walters, who owns one of the finest galleries of smaller bronzes and wax models in private hands. In a certain sense the United States have a proprietary interest in Barye, owing to the fact that many Americans bought his pieces when it required some independence of judgment to overcome the indifference and neglect of the great body of French amateurs. As with Millet, as with Bastien Lepage, there are reasons for asking us to help to honor an artist whom we recognized so early. And so it comes about that a group of gentlemen have determined to supplement the exhibition held last spring at the École des Beaux-Arts in aid of the fund for a monument to Barye, by opening this week an exhibition of his work owned by Americans. It will be a large and interesting exhibit, including groups in bronze, silver, and stone, water-colors, oil-paintings, etchings, and wax models, and remarkably rich in bronze models and first proofs. From it one may learn the difference between the pieces cast by his own hands and those made by others after his death, the variations in color produced by experiments while searching for patina of different tints, and the astonishing discrepancy between two pieces exactly the same in design and modelling. This exhibition will include the Lion and Serpent of the Tuileries gardens shown in the illustration.

Not indeed in bronze, but in the cast. Two casts were taken from this group by the authorities, and one is now at the Universal Exposition on the Champs de Mars, it being well understood that comparatively few people ever stroll down the Avenue des Feuillants and see the original. The other cast was of no particular use, and a demand was made on the Ministry of Fine Arts by several Americans that it might be sold to one of them. The demand was refused, but the authorities intimated that if the Metropolitan Museum of Art would accept the cast as a gift, it should be forth-coming, the only proviso being that it should be exhibited beforehand at the New York exhibition in aid of the Barye monument.

This cast is now in New York, and when the exhibition closes it will become a choice piece in the great collection of casts now being formed in our museum. There it will serve as a standard of excellence to our sculptors of wild beasts, not only for its truth to nature, but for its masterly modelling. The lion, as Barye made him, is not heroic; he is not performing one of those acts of disinterested benevolence or of superiority to the ordinary instincts of beast nature which were commonly attributed to him in the Middle Ages. The group is not an allegory, so far as anybody knows; not even the lion of genius scotching the snake of calumny. It is simply a little chapter from animal life, in the telling of which Barye has exercised his power of magnificent as well as learned modelling, and shown the ceaseless struggle for existence which saddens nature.

Charles de Kay.

RECEPTION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

The reception at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York opens the winter exhibition, and such additions as had been made during the spring and summer are placed on view for the first time. In the spacious central hall have been arranged an extensive collection of casts provided for by the Willard bequest. As the area allotted to these casts is of considerable size, the display is fairly effective. In the time to come, when other buildings are added, classifications as to periods will undoubtedly take place. Excellent opportunity for study is provided by means of these casts, which give ideas of form and decoration not derivable from engravings. In fact, no school of art can fulfil its proper functions without having a complete collection of casts.

The two long galleries, their cases filled with fine specimens of Chinese and Japanese ware, were thronged on the occasion of the reception. Admirably lighted, details of color or decoration were at once visible. The main picture-gallery, with the Rosa Bonheur, the Meissonier, and other masters of the French school, was as much visited as when it was first opened to the public. Some years ago a question arose, advanced by the custodians of foreign galleries, as to whether our particular American sun in summer, with the methods of artificial heating in winter, would not produce unfortunate effects on paintings. No changes are, however, discernible, and the fine effects of the pictures are just the same as when they were first put on view. Mr. Smedley's sketch shows what was particularly the centre of attraction at the reception—the collection of old masters and pictures in the new eastern gallery. With the exception of the two Rembrandts—the portraits of the Burgomaster van Beeresteyn and his wife—all these paintings have been presented to the museum by Mr. Henry G. Marquand.

The large central picture in Mr. Smedley's sketch is the portrait of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, by Vandyck, and this picture was purchased from Lord Methuen in 1886. The figure is the size of life, and has all that naturalness with distinction which is typical of a Vandyck. To the right and left of the Vandyck are two famous Constables—"A Lock on the Stour" and "The Valley Farm." To the extreme right there is a Velasquez, rather curious than striking, which gives the portrait with the eccentric head-dress of Queen Mariana of Austria, the second wife of Philip IV. On the left is a grand Rubens, and no better example of this great master can be found. In this same gallery is a Gainsborough, a Turner, a Reynolds, a delightful Crome, two Hals, a beautiful Van der Meer, the two great Rembrandts, a famous Ruysdael, a Teniers, a Terburg, and a Zurbaran.

The Turner, which is of about 1814, shows a dock on an English river-side, and through an open gateway a street is seen beyond. This is the picture Mr. Ruskin wanted to buy in 1852, but the price it fetched prevented its purchase by him. This picture is in Turner's more moderate manner.

It is not alone with the acquisition of paintings priceless of their kind that the Metropolitan Museum of Art opens its winter exhibition, but in Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek, and Roman antiquities many important additions have been made.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

XVII.

Beaton was at his best when he parted for the last time with Alma Leighton, for he saw then that what had happened to him was the necessary consequence of what he had been, if not what he had done. Afterward he lost this clear vision; he began to deny the fact; he drew upon his knowledge of life, and in arguing himself into a different frame of mind he alleged the case of different people who had done and been much worse things than he, and yet no such disagreeable consequence had befallen them. Then he saw that it was all the work of blind chance, and he said to himself that it was this that made him desperate, and willing to call evil his good, and to take his own wherever he could find it. There was a great deal that was literary and factitious and tawdry in the mood in which he went to see Christine Dryfoos, the night when the Marches sat talking their prospects over; and nothing that was decided in his purpose. He knew what the drift of his mind was, but he had always preferred to let chance determine his events, and now since chance had played him such an ill turn with Alma, he left it the whole responsibility. Not in terms, but in effect, this was his thought as he walked on uptown to pay the first of the visits which Dryfoos had practically invited him to resume. He had an insolent satisfaction in having delayed it so long; if he was going back he was going back on his own conditions, and these were to be as hard and humiliating as he could make them. But this intention again was inchoate, floating, the stuff of an intention, rather than intention; an expression of temperament chiefly.

He had been expected before that. Christine had got out of Mela that her father had been at Beaton's studio, and then she had gone at the old man and got from him every smallest fact of the interview there. She had flung back in his teeth the good-will toward herself with which he had gone to Beaton. She was furious with shame and resentment; she told him he had made bad worse, that he had made a fool of himself to no end; she spared neither his age, nor his grief-broken spirit, in which his will could not rise against hers. She filled the house with her rage, screaming it out upon him; but when her fury was once spent, she began to have some hopes from what her father had done. She no longer kept her bed; every evening she dressed herself in the dress Beaton admired the most, and sat up till a certain hour to receive him. She had fixed a day in her own mind before which, if he came, she would forgive him all he had made her suffer: the mortification, the suspense, the despair. Beyond this, she had the purpose of making her father go to Europe; she felt that she could no longer live in America, with the double disgrace that had been put upon her.

Beaton rang, and while the servant was coming the insolent caprice seized him to ask for the young ladies, instead of the old man, as he had supposed of course he should do. The maid who answered the bell, in the place of the reluctant Irishman of other days, had all his hesitation in admitting that the young ladies were at home.

He found Mela in the drawing-room. At sight of him she looked scared; but she seemed to be reassured by his calm. He asked if he was not to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Dryfoos too; and Mela said she reckoned the girl had gone upstairs to tell her. Mela was in black, and Beaton noted how well the solid sable became her rich, red blond beauty; he wondered what the effect would be with Christine.

But she, when she appeared, was not in mourning. He fancied that she wore the lustrous black silk, with the breadths of white Venetian lace about the neck, which he had praised, because he praised it. Her cheeks burned with a Jacqueminot crimson; what should be white in her face was chalky white. She carried a plumed ostrich fan, black and soft, and after giving him her hand, sat down and waved it to and fro slowly, as he remembered her doing the night they first met. She had no ideas, except such as related intimately to herself, and she had no gabble, like Mela; and she let him talk. It was past the day when she had promised herself she would forgive him; but as he talked on she felt all her passion for him revive, and the conflict of desires, the desire to hate, the desire to love, made a dizzying whirl in her brain. She looked at him, half doubting whether he was really there or not. He had never looked so handsome, with his dreamy eyes floating under his heavy overhanging hair, and his pointed brown beard defined against his lustrous shirt front. His mellowly modulated, mysterious voice lulled her; when Mela made an errand out of the room, and Beaton crossed to her and sat down by her, she shivered.

"Are you cold?" he asked, and she felt the cruel mockery and exultant consciousness of power in his tone, as perhaps a wild thing feels captivity in the voice of its keeper. But now, she said she would still forgive him if he asked her.

Mela came back, and the talk fell again to the former level; but Beaton had not said anything that really meant what she wished, and she saw that he intended to say nothing. Her heart began to burn like a fire in her breast.

"You been tellun' him about our goun' to Europe?" Mela asked.

"No," said Christine, briefly, and looking at the fan spread out on her lap.

Beaton asked when; and then he rose, and said if it was so soon, he supposed he should not see them again, unless he saw them in Paris; he might very likely run over, during the summer. He said to himself that he had given it a fair trial with Christine, and he could not make it go.

Christine rose, with a kind of gasp, and mechanically followed him to the door of the drawing-room; Mela came too; and while he was putting on his overcoat, she gurgled and bubbled in good-humor with all the world. Christine stood looking at him, and thinking how handsomer still he was in his overcoat; and that fire burned fiercer in her. She felt him more than life to her and knew him lost, and the frenzy that makes a woman kill the man she loves, or fling vitriol to destroy the beauty she cannot have for all hers, possessed her lawless soul. He gave his hand to Mela, and said, in his windharp stop, "Good-by."

As he put out his hand to Christine, she pushed it aside with a scream of rage; she flashed at him, and with both hands made a feline pass at the face he bent toward her. He sprang back, and after an instant of stupefaction he pulled open the door behind him, and ran out into the street.

"Well, Christine Dryfoos!" said Mela. "Sprang at him like a wild-cat!"

"I don't care," Christine shrieked. "I'll tear his eyes out!" She flew upstairs to her own room, and left the burden of the explanation to Mela, who did it justice.

Beaton found himself, he did not know how, in his studio, reeking with perspiration and breathless. He must almost have run. He struck a match with a shaking hand, and looked at his face in the glass. He expected to see the bleeding marks of her nails on his cheeks; but he could see nothing. He grovelled inwardly; it was all so low and coarse and vulgar; it was all so just and apt to his deserts.

There was a pistol among the dusty bric-à-brac on the mantel, which he had kept loaded to fire at a cat in the area. He took it and sat looking into the muzzle, wishing it might go off by accident and kill him. It slipped through his hand, and struck the floor, and there was a report; he sprang into the air, feeling that he had been shot. But he found himself still alive, with only a burning line along his cheek, such as one of Christine's finger-nails might have left.

He laughed with cynical recognition of the fact that he had got his punishment in the right way, and that his case was not to be dignified into tragedy.

XVIII.

The Marches, with Fulkerson, went to see the Dryfooses off on the French steamer. There was no longer any business obligation on them to be civil, and there was greater kindness for that reason in the attention they offered. *Every Other Week* had been made over to the joint ownership of March and Fulkerson, and the details arranged with a hardness on Dryfoos's side which certainly left Mrs. March with a sense of his incomplete regeneration. Yet when she saw him there on the steamer, she pitied him; he looked wearied and bewildered; even his wife, with her twitching head, and her prophecies of evil, croaked hoarsely out, while she clung to Mrs. March's hand where they sat together till the leave-takers were ordered ashore, was less pathetic. Mela was looking after both of them, and trying to cheer them, in a joyful excitement. "I tell 'em it's goun' to add ten years to both their lives," she said. "The voyage 'll do their healths good; and then, we're gittun' away from that miser'ble pack o' servants that was eatun' us up, there in New York. I *hate* the place!" she said, as if they had already left it. "Yes, Mrs. Mandel's goun' too," she added, following the direction of Mrs. March's eyes, where they noted Mrs. Mandel speaking to Christine on the other side of the cabin. "Her and Christine had a kind of a spat, and she was goun' to leave, but here only the other day, Christine offered to make it up with her, and now they're as thick as thieves. Well, I reckon we couldn't very well 'a' got along without her. She's about the only one that speaks French in *this* family."

Mrs. March's eyes still dwelt upon Christine's face: it was full of a furtive wildness. She seemed to be keeping a watch to prevent herself from looking as if she were looking for some one.

"Do you know," Mrs. March said to her husband, as they jingled along homeward in the Christopher Street bobtail car, "I thought she was in love with that detestable Mr. Beaton of yours, at one time; and that he was amusing himself with her."

"I can bear a good deal, Isabel," said March, "but I *wish* you wouldn't attribute Beaton to me. He's the invention of that Mr. Fulkerson of yours."

"Well, at any rate I hope, now, you'll both get rid of him, in the reforms you're going to carry out."

These reforms were for a greater economy in the management of *Every Other Week*; but in their very nature they could not include the suppression of Beaton. He had always shown himself capable and loyal to the interests of the magazine, and both the new owners were glad to keep him. He was glad to stay, though he made a gruff pretence of indifference, when they came to talk over the new arrangement with him. In his heart he knew that he was a fraud; but at least he could say to himself with truth that he had not now the shame of taking Dryfoos's money.

March and Fulkerson retrenched at several points where it had seemed indispensable to spend, as long as they were not spending their own: that was only human. Fulkerson absorbed Conrad's department into his, and March found that he could dispense with Kendricks in the place of assistant which he had lately filled, since Fulkerson had decided that March was overworked. They reduced the number of illustrated articles, and they systematized the payment of contributors strictly according to the sales of each number, on their original plan of co-operation: they had got to paying rather lavishly for material without reference to the sales.

Fulkerson took a little time to get married, and went on his wedding journey out to Niagara, and down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, over the line of travel that the Marches had taken in their wedding journey. He had the pleasure of going from Montreal to Quebec on the same boat on which he first met March.

They have continued very good friends, and their wives are almost without the rivalry that usually embitters the wives of partners. At first Mrs. March did not like Mrs. Fulkerson's speaking of her husband as the Ownah, and March as the Edito'; but it appeared that this was only a convenient method of recognizing the predominant quality in each, and was meant neither to affirm nor to deny anything. Colonel Woodburn offered as his contribution to the celebration of the copartnership, which Fulkerson could not be prevented from dedicating with a little dinner, the story of Fulkerson's magnanimous behavior in regard to Dryfoos at that crucial moment when it was a question whether he should give up Dryfoos or give up March. Fulkerson winced at it; but Mrs. March told her husband that now, whatever happened, she should never have any misgivings of Fulkerson again; and she asked him if he did not think he ought to apologize to him for the doubts with which he had once inspired her. March said that he did not think so.

The Fulkersons spent the summer at a sea-side hotel in easy reach of the city; but they returned early to Mrs. Leighton's, with whom they are to board till spring, when they are going to fit up Fulkerson's bachelor apartment for house-keeping. Mrs. March, with her Boston scruple, thinks it will be odd, living over the *Every Other Week* offices; but there will be a separate street entrance to the apartment; and besides, in New York you may do anything.

The future of the Leightons promises no immediate change. Kendricks goes there a good deal to see the Fulkersons, and Mrs. Fulkerson says he comes to see Alma. He has seemed taken with her ever since he first met her at Dryfoos's, the day of Lindau's funeral, and though Fulkerson objects to dating a fancy of that kind from an occasion of that kind, he justly argues with March that there can be no harm in it, and that we are liable to be struck by lightning any time. In the mean while there is no proof that Alma returns Kendricks's interest, if he feels any. She has got a little bit of color into the fall exhibition; but the fall exhibition is never as good as the spring exhibition. Wetmore is rather sorry she has succeeded in this, though he promoted her success. He says her real hope is in black and white, and it is a pity for her to lose sight of her original aim of drawing for illustration.

News has come from Paris of the engagement of Christine Dryfoos. There the Dryfooses met with the success denied them in New York; many American plutocrats must await their apotheosis in Europe, where society has them, as it were, in a translation. Shortly after their arrival they were celebrated in the newspapers as the first millionaire American family of natural gas extraction who had arrived in the capital of civilization; and at a French watering-place Christine encountered her fate: a nobleman full of present debts and of duels in the past. Fulkerson says the old man can manage the debtor and Christine can look out for the duellist. "They say those fellows generally whip their wives. He'd better not try it with Christine, I reckon, unless he's practised with a panther."

One day, shortly after their return to town in the autumn from the brief summer outing they permitted themselves, the Marches met Margaret Vance. At first they did not know her in the dress of the sisterhood which she wore; but she smiled joyfully, almost gayly, on seeing them, and though she hurried by with the sister who accompanied her, and did not stay to speak, they felt that the peace that passeth understanding had looked at them from her eyes.

"Well, she is at rest, there can't be any doubt of that," he said, as he glanced round at the drifting black robe, which followed her free, nunlike walk.

"Yes, now she can do all the good she likes," sighed his wife. "I wonder—I wonder if she ever told his father about her talk with poor Conrad that day he was shot?"

"I don't know. I don't care. In any event it would be right. She did nothing wrong. If she unwittingly sent him to his death, she sent him to die for God's sake, for man's sake."

"Yes—yes. But still—"

"Well, we must trust that look of hers."

THE END.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

On the 24th of May, 1888, the foundation-stone of the Catholic University was laid in Washington, in the presence of the President of the United States and a large assemblage. That this university was opened on Wednesday, November 13th, is due mainly to the exertion of one of the broadest-minded, most American in the best sense, and most energetic of the Catholic prelates—the Right Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond. The classes of the Divinity School will begin on Monday, November 18th. The classes of psychological, ethical, social, historical, philological, and biological studies will be added if possible during the present year. A course of free lectures will begin at once in a hall in Washington secured for the purpose, and every effort will be made to have the influence of the new institution felt from the start.

The announcement that a Catholic university would be founded at Washington excited much interest and some misunderstanding. Such a foundation had for a long time been the hope of the most progressive of the bishops of the Catholic Church. With Bishop Spalding, they had looked forward to the establishment of a great college which would give "the best cultivation of mind, issuing in comprehensiveness of view, in exactness of perception, in the clear discernment of the relations of truths and of the limitations of scientific knowledge, in fairness and flexibility of thought, in ease and grace of expression, in candor, in reasonableness; the intellectual culture which brings the mind into form, gives it the control of its faculties, creates the habit of attention, and develops firmness of grasp." Most of us have observed that the theological seminary often fails to give the education of which Bishop Spalding spoke. The absence of it, indeed, has placed the advocates of Protestant Christianity more than once in a humiliating position before the trained intellects of more liberally educated men of non-Christian opinions.

In the Catholic Church the education, or rather the training and instruction, received by priests in American seminaries has not been sufficiently liberal, in the intellectual sense. No ministers of religion could be better fitted to defend the Christian belief from the scholastic point of view, or for the careful performance of their daily duties. Their training and knowledge have been—when they came entirely from the ecclesiastical seminary—professional rather than liberal. Firmness of Christian faith and deep reading in the Greek and Latin fathers, profundity in the rubrics and canon law, skill in the use of time-honored polemical weapons, do not prevent a man from being one-sided and narrow-minded, or give that flexibility, grace, breadth, and culture which the modern defender of Christianity needs. Cardinal Newman is revered in the world because he has these qualities. Were St. Thomas Aquinas on earth without them, he would have as little chance of getting a hearing from the modern doubter as a remote Western Methodist minister would have of distracting the world from the polished phrases of Matthew Arnold.

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

The Catholic Church has always held fast to the synthesis between religion and education, and insisted that the cultivation of the intellect and of the heart should proceed under the influence of Christian belief. Where the senses fail, belief steps in; where human reason pauses appalled or dazzled by the great problem before it, the Church fills the hiatus with faith. The policy, then, of the Catholic bishops of the United States in founding a university which shall be indigenous to the soil, which shall stimulate and equip devout believers in Christianity for the struggle against unbelief is not new. It is as old as the time of Albertus Magnus, of Abelard, of Oxford, of Pavia. The first principle of the design of the rector of this university and his colleagues is that their establishment shall graduate priests and laymen as American and modern as they are Catholic and conservative. Objection has been made in the press to the employment of foreign professors. Objection might just as well be made to the having of an Oxford man pre-eminent in any way at Princeton, or a Heidelberg man at Johns Hopkins. It would not shock us if Harvard were to import Max Müller, or Yale Professor Dowden. The teachers brought by Bishop Keane to this country are eminent—some of them uniquely eminent—in the various branches of philosophy, theology, and the Bible languages.

The first impetus given to the project of the university is due to Bishop Spalding. In an address at the seminary of St. Francis de Sales, in Milwaukee, he pointed out the inadequacy of seminary training to meet the needs of the time. His address was thought to be somewhat audacious at the time. There were many conservatives who believed that the project was "in the air." The force of circumstances has made the objectors silent since the university—or at least the nucleus of it—has become a fact. Leo XIII., a scholar as well as a statesman, a poet, and almost as fanatical a believer in the saving force of letters as Bishop Spalding himself, gave enthusiastic encouragement to the undertaking. A committee was formed consisting of Messrs. Thomas E. Waggaman, Michael Jenkins, Eugene Kelly, the Revs. P. L. Chapelle, T. S. Lee, J. M. Farley, Bishops Maes, Marty, Keane, Spalding, Archbishops Ireland, Corrigan, Ryan, Williams, and Cardinal Gibbons. The committee concluded to begin with the theological department. The financial question had begun to be settled by Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, who gave Bishop Spalding $300,000 for the founding of the university. Her sister gave $50,000; Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, gave $50,000 and endowed a chair; the Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia; the Misses Andrews, of Baltimore; Colonel Bonaparte, Mr. James Carroll, Dr. Ouchterlony, of Louisville, and many others responded munificently. At present the financial condition of the Divinity College is such as to warrant the Board of Trustees in fixing the fees at a very low rate.

Washington was chosen as the site for obvious reasons—reasons which eminent thinkers and educators consider obvious. The property, near the city, consists of sixty-five acres. The grounds of the university, which will in time hold many colleges, will be formed on the plan of those of the Pincian Hill at Rome. It is intended that they shall be ornamented with the statues of great Americans, regardless of their creed or religious opinions. Signor Gregori, a Florentine artist, has already finished portraits of Washington (after Stuart) and Archbishop Carroll for the university.

The mission of the university is to correct the daily growing disregard for higher learning, to refute the prevalent fallacy that the student is a useless dreamer, to show that it is mind, not matter, which accomplishes all that is worth doing in the world, and to give a higher tone to the thoughts of young men who are on every side tempted by the opportunities of mere material advancement. A great university can do this, and Bishop Keane, with a noble enthusiasm, has surrendered his diocese and made himself a wanderer and a beggar, like St. Antony of Padua, and St. Francis, for the sake of making the university possible.

A BAD CROSSING.

THE transportation of the supplies for a body of troops, particularly if operating in an unsettled country, is, as it will readily be understood, a matter of vital importance, and any expedition not properly provided with the necessary means for the purpose is greatly hampered in the successful carrying out of its object. What these means consist of depends greatly on circumstances. When great rapidity of movement is imperative, or when the character of the country is such that it would be impossible to move with a regular train, pack-mules are used, but in the majority of cases the food, camp equipage, ammunition, etc., of a column of troops are carried in wagons.

A long train of these great lumbering vehicles on the march makes an interesting picture. So experienced and well-instructed are the teamsters —"mule-whackers," the soldiers call them—and so hardy, willing, strong, and patient those most unjustly derided of quadrupeds, the army mules, so well and admirably constructed for the purpose are the wagons, that it must be a rough country indeed that a military supply train cannot pass over. As a rule, the wagons follow in the rear of the marching toops, and in an enemy's country they are strongly guarded—if not immediately with the main command—by such troops as can be spared for the purpose. Over the level prairie the long train moves along without much difficulty, the mules, in their huge leather-covered collars, pulling contentedly at the traces, and trundling the heavily laden wagons easily over the smooth turf, while the teamsters lounge lazily in their saddles, now and then calling or whistling to the leaders, and snapping their long-lashed whips at some tall weed or prickly cactus growing by the trail, or chat with the soldiers of the guard trudging sturdily along on either side. Ahead of them a long irregular line on the otherwise level surface of the plain indicates a cañon there, and as the "grade" falls away now, the teamsters drag on the long leather straps attached to the brakes on the rear wheels of the wagons. Down they go with a rush, one after the other, mules slipping and sliding, pebbles and dust flying, the huge wheels grinding up the soil, and the great white canvas-covered wagon tops swaying from side to side in a most alarming manner. Look out that no pole breaks, or perhaps —which happens only too often—no wagon upsets. Then indeed "there is a circus," and somebody "catches it" from wrathful quartermaster or irascible and invariably profane wagonmaster.

A wide stream runs along the bottom of the great ravine, full to overflowing from the melting snows in the great mountains a hundred miles away, where it has its source; but the scouts have "located the crossing," and—their horses knee-deep and over in the water—a long line of bluecoats stretches from bank to bank marking the ford, and ready to catch any luckless teamster, and possibly team as well, that might be washed off their feet by the rushing waters. All along the opposite bank, which rises precipitately from the very edge of the stream, save at one narrow steep break in its otherwise almost perpendicular sides, and through which the wagons must pass to reach the top, the soldiers of the main column are scattered, and as the wagons cross, and the powerful willing mules vainly strive to drag them up the steep incline, long ropes are attached to the poles, and a score or more of sturdy fellows catch hold, and with a "long pull and a strong pull all together," almost taking the mules off their feet, the big vehicles are dragged in safety to the top of the bluff. Sometimes the crossing may be a veritable slough. Sticky yellow mud clogs the wheels, and as wagon after wagon is pulled through it by the floundering, straining mules, it becomes so churned up that two, and even three, six-mule teams are powerless to move them. There is but one course to pursue then—double trips must be made. The wagons must be partially unloaded, dragged through the mucilaginous compound, unpacked, driven back again, reloaded with the freight left on the other side, hauled through again, pulled up the steep bluff, finally repacked, and moved on to make room for the next. Hours pass in doing this—perhaps it takes a day or two to get the train safely over; and many a soldier will remember ruefully the hard work and discomfort he has had at some "bad crossing."

R. F. ZOGBAUM.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

THRICE happy am I because
  I have welcomed a king to-day
Who has kept aloof from my humble roof
  In a king's imperious way!
I have seen him oft in dreams,
  Yet he never has passed before
With his robe of state through my vine-clad
    gate,
  And entered my open door!

He has taken my life in thrall
  For a priceless service meet;
He has come to stay, and I feel his sway
  While I sit at his royal feet.
And my heart is brimmed with joy
  To know that a king like he,
Who was born above, and whose name is Love,
  Should dwell in a hut with me!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THE NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.

IOWA became a State in 1838, and her first Governor was a Democrat. From that date until 1854 all her Governors were Democrats; but from 1854 until the present year Iowa has always chosen Republicans. The man who has now broken in upon this long line of Republicans, extending over a period of thirty-five years, is Horace Boies, a native of New York State, and a man who for many years was himself a Republican.

Mr. Boies is sixty-two years old, and was born in Erie County, this State. His youth was passed upon a farm, and he was educated in an academy. Having read law, he went to Buffalo to practise, and lived there several years. He became a Republican in politics when the party was organized; as such he served in the Legislature before the war, and supported the war measures of Lincoln. Mr. Boies went to Iowa in 1867, making his home in Waterloo. All these years he has practised law in that place. He is well known throughout Iowa, and has acquired large interests in agricultural properties. He is a practical farmer, and the leisure that law has afforded him he has given to the farm. In Grundy County he is said to possess 2640 acres of cultivated land, and in Palo Alto County 1100 acres, on which are kept 500 head of cattle.

Mr. Boies is known throughout Iowa as a speaker and writer on questions concerning transportation and taxation as they interest the agricultural classes. In 1884 Mr. Boies, who had heretofore been a Republican, declined to vote for Mr. Blaine; he supported Mr. Cleveland instead. Four years later he again supported Mr. Cleveland. The special message of President Cleveland to Congress in December, 1887, met with his approval. He said of it: "If the same message had been sent to Congress by a Republican President, there are not, as I believe, a hundred Republicans in Iowa who would have complained because it went too far in recommending reductions of tariff." These facts in the life of Mr. Boies give to his election peculiar political significance at this time.

The new Governor of Virginia, the hero of the successful conflict with William Mahone, is Philip Watkins McKinney, who was born in Buckingham County on May 1, 1832. Charles McKinney, his father, was an influential and respected merchant, who placed him under careful instructors, who fitted him for Hampton Sidney College, which he entered at the age of seventeen, and from which he was graduated in 1851. He made a mark in college as a speaker, and received a gold medal from the Philanthropic Society in recognition of his abilities.

Mr. McKinney went to Lexington to read law, and in 1853 was admitted to practice. On his return home to begin practice, he was offered the Whig nomination for member of the Virginia Legislature, and elected by a good majority over the opposing candidate, who in previous elections had overcome all opposition to his candidacy. Mr. McKinney served in this office for four consecutive terms, the last of which brought him to the outbreak of the war. A company of cavalry was then formed from the youth of Buckingham and adjoining counties, and Mr. McKinney was elected captain. The company was assigned to the Fourth Regiment, and he continued at the head of his company until severely wounded at Brandy Station; this accident made it impossible to do further service in the field, but he did conscript duty at Danville, and at the time of Lee's surrender was in command at that place.

An ample fortune had been left him by his father and had been acquired by marriage, but the close of the war found it all swept away, and in 1865 he went to the town of Farmville to resume his law practice. He soon acquired a large practice from men who sought to repair or escape the financial ruin due to the war. He has been active in State politics for many years. He has held the office of Commonwealth's Attorney several times, once by election, at other times by appointment. He once ran for Congress against a candidate known as a carpet-bagger, has been a Presidential elector, a candidate for Attorney-General, and in every State and national contest has taken some active share. He was a delegate to the National Convention of 1884 which nominated Mr. Cleveland, and again a delegate to the Convention of 1888.

The new Governor of Massachusetts, John Quincy Adams Brackett, is a typical "young Republican" of the old commonwealth. He is enthusiastic; he is energetic; he is loyal to the party. He was born in New Hampshire, at Bradford, in 1842, and was graduated at Harvard University in the class of 1865. Afterward he went through the Law School at Cambridge, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He practised law in Boston, and was a smart, quick, active man of business, taking part in politics, keeping up with the brisk movement whose rising tide has landed men like Oliver Ames, Elijah Morse, and the new Governor at the head of public affairs in the place of Mr. Crapo, Mr. John D. Long, and the other old leaders of the Republican party. Governor Brackett now becomes interesting to the country at large because he will be a contestant for the United States Senatorship when the next term expires. He belongs to the generation of leaders who must furnish the successors of Mr. Hoar and Mr. Dawes. These are ex-Governor Robinson, ex-Governor Long, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Brackett, and Mr. Crapo. There is hardly another name to be mentioned, for these, first and last, have mounted upon the shoulders of ex-Governors Claflin and Rice, ex-Congressman W. W. Rice, and all prominent men of the party, with the exception, perhaps, of ex-Governor Ames. Mr. Ames, however, is probably out of the political race of the future on account of his ill health, while Mr. Crapo's defeat for the Gubernatorial nomination of this year puts him at a decided disadvantage in a contest with the others. Mr. Brackett belongs decidedly to the smart politicians of Massachusetts who have won their way to the front by persevering industry in behalf of their party. It is a different class from that which is to be found in New York. Governor Brackett is a man who lives a quiet, orderly, decent life, after the pattern which is approved in the small towns of the outskirts of Boston. He has a handsome house of his own, something which is required of prosperous citizens of Massachusetts by a healthy public sentiment. Mr. Brackett made his first incursion into politics in 1873. This was after an experience of five years at the bar. He was then elected a member of the Boston Common Council, and served there for three years. From 1876 to 1881 he served as a member of the State House of Representatives. He was out of politics for three years, when he returned to the Lower House of the Legislature in 1884. At this time he began to take a prominent part in the politics of the State. He was first chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and in 1885 and 1886 he was Speaker. In the last year he was elected Lieutenant-Governor with Governor Ames, and has served in that office through the latter's three terms. His nomination was largely due to his personal acquaintance with the Republican politicians of the State, and to the practice of promoting the Lieutenant-Governor to the first office of the Commonwealth. Governor Brackett is a strong man among the rising generation of Massachusetts Republicans.

Governor Leon Abbett, of New Jersey, is now pretty generally known to the country as a leading Democrat of the strict party type. He belongs rather to the Randall wing of the party, being a protectionist after the fashion which prevails in his native State. He was not born in the State of which he is now for the second time the Governor. He was born in Philadelphia in 1836, October 3d, but very early in life he removed to New Jersey, and has passed a long and industrious life at the bar of New York city. During recent years he served as Corporation Counsel of Jersey City, but his private law office has been for a long time on Broadway in New York. He was from the first in politics, and on the Democratic side. He was a Member of Assembly three times, afterward a State Senator, and for three years was President of the Senate. In 1883 he was first elected Governor of New Jersey, after a bitter contest. When his term was about to expire the present Governor Green was nominated and elected his successor. There were two factions of Democrats in the State, and during Governor Abbett's first term the feeling between them was very intense. It grew into portentous proportions in the Presidential election of 1884, and at one time it seemed as though the differences in the party were serious enough to render Mr. Cleveland's triumph in the State impossible.

Governor Abbett, however, was a candidate for election to the United States Senate in the winter following the expiration of his term as Governor. The Democrats had a majority of the Legislature on joint ballot, but there was a number of the members of the party so angry with the ex-Governor that they refused to obey the decision of the caucus, and declined to vote for him. His Republican opponent was Mr. Phelps, and for many weeks there was no choice. Finally by a coalition between the disaffected Democrats and the Republicans, Mr. Blodgett, the present Senator, was chosen. This year Mr. Abbett had no difficulty in obtaining the nomination, and very little difficulty in carrying the election. His opponent was General E. Burd Grubb.

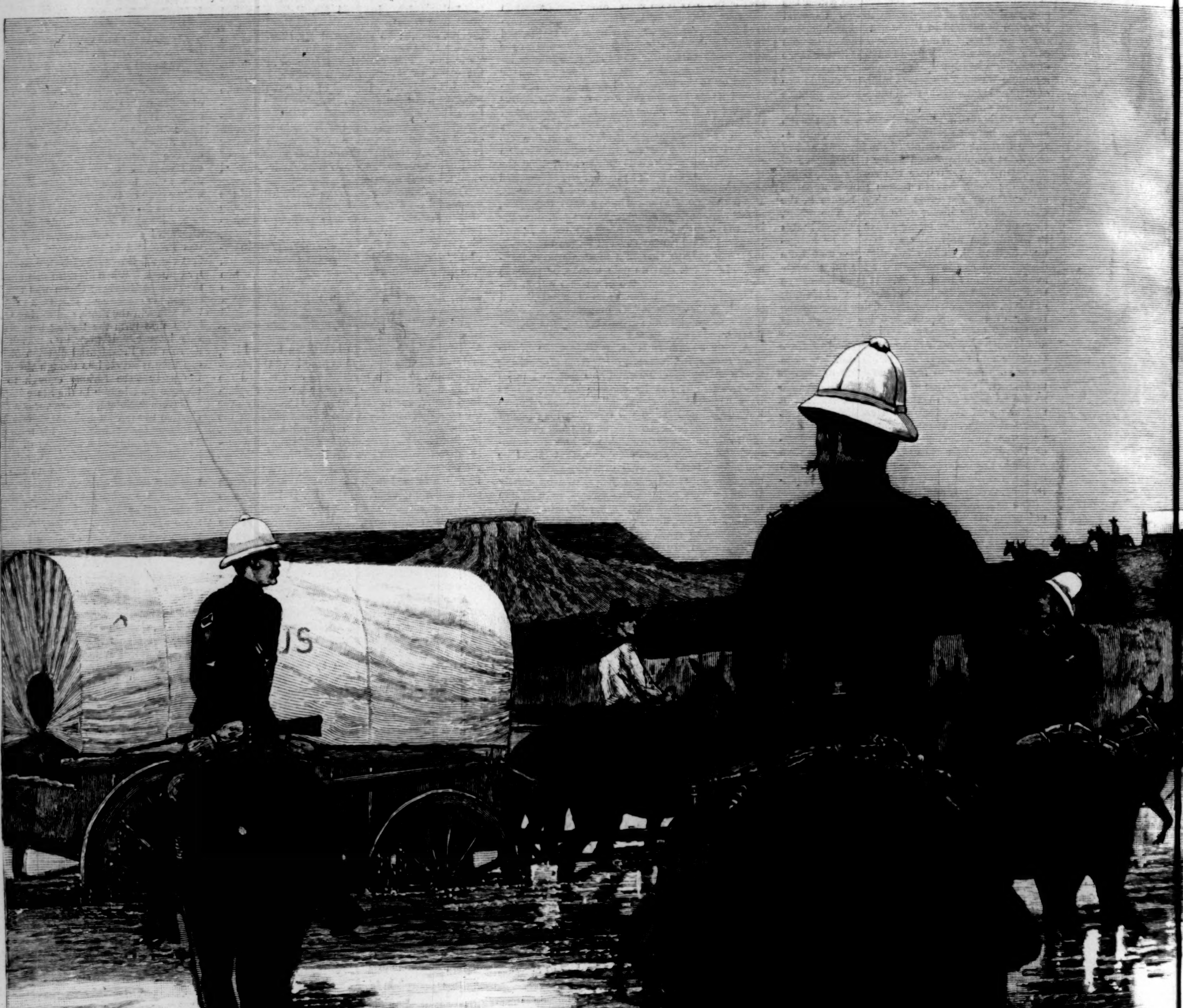
The new Democratic Governor of Ohio, Mr. James E. Campbell, is distinctly a representative of the Democracy who are led by ex-Speaker Carlisle, Mr. Mills, and Mr. Morrison. He has for several years been known as an active worker for the reforms of the tariff which have been advocated by the revenue reform wing of the party. During the last Congress he was an advocate of the Mills bill, and was opposed to a large body of his party in Ohio, who were inclined to follow the lead of the Democrats of Pennsylvania. He accepted the political principles of Judge Thurman rather than those of Senator Payne.

He was born in Ohio, in Butler County, July 7, 1843. After he had obtained what education he could in the common schools of his neighborhood, he began teaching, and the war found him engaged in this occupation. In 1862 he entered the navy as a volunteer, and he served on the gunboats of Admiral Porter's fleet, and during the Red River campaign of 1863–4. After the war was over, he resumed the study of the law, which he had begun while he was a teacher in a common school, and was admitted to practice in 1865. During most of his naval service he was a minor. He opened his office in the place where he still resides at Hamilton. His first office was that of Prosecuting Attorney. He was elected to that in 1873, and again in 1875. In 1882 he was elected to Congress. He was re-elected in 1884 and 1886. He has a wonderful personal popularity. He has been called the most popular man in Ohio, and he is especially strong with the war veterans of the State, who are proud of his record and devoted to him. He can doubtless poll more Republican votes than any member of his party in Ohio. He is a remarkably handsome and active man, and his campaigns have always been marked by the infusion into them of his intense vitality. He travels from one end of the State or district to the other, constantly speaking and invariably winning support. The campaign against him this year was one of exceeding bitterness. He was charged with corruption, but waiting patiently and silently until he had obtained convincing evidence, he finally proved that his opponents had been duped by a forgery. So conclusive was the evidence that both Mr. Halstead and Governor Foraker confessed that they had done Mr. Campbell an injustice.

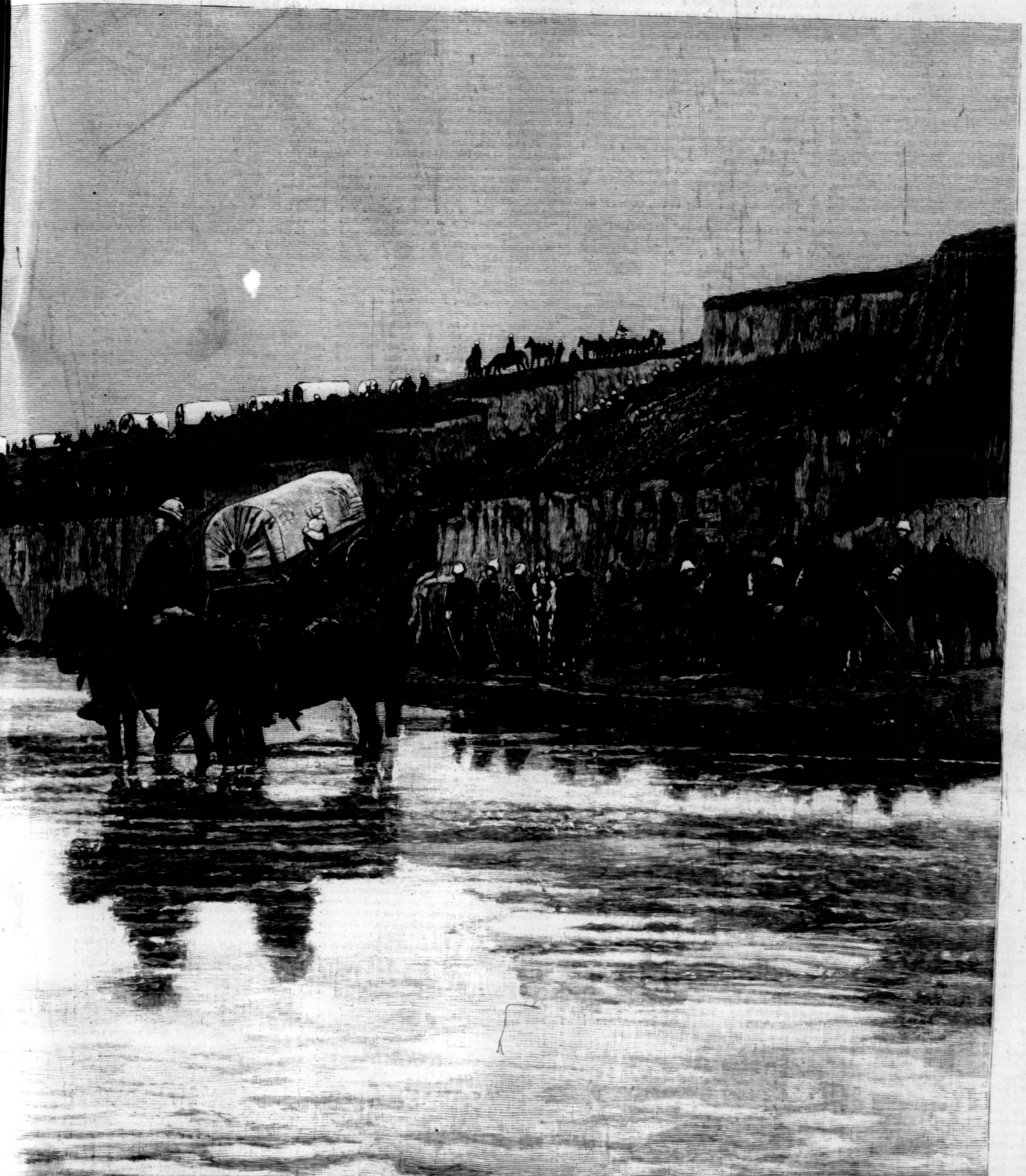
FRANK RICE.

NEW YORK'S newly elected Secretary of State was born in the town of Seneca, in this State, January 15, 1845. He went to the public school, and prepared for college at the Canandaigua Academy. He was graduated from Hamilton College with high honors in 1868. In the spring of 1869 he entered the law office of Comstock & Bennett in Canandaigua. In June, 1870, he was admitted to the bar. He rapidly rose to prominence, and in 1875 was nominated for District Attorney on the Democratic ticket. Ontario County is usually good for at least 1000 Republican majority, but Rice was elected, receiving 636 more votes than his competitor. He was re-elected in 1878 by an increased majority. In 1882, the "tidal wave" year, he ran for the Assembly, and was elected by a majority of 1256, running over 650 votes ahead of his ticket. Again, in 1883, he was re-elected, his opponent being John Raines, since Congressman from the Rochester district. In 1884 he was chosen County Judge, and has retained the position ever since.

Mr. Rice was known in the Assembly as a straightforward and honorable member. He belongs in State politics to what is known as the Cleveland faction, and was put on the ticket to conciliate the possible opposition of that body to the rest of the nominees.


US
R.F. Zogbaum '89

"A BAD CROSSING."—DRAWN BY R



F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 915.]

THE LEGEND OF THE GRAY LADY.

THERE stands in Salem, in Massachusetts, an ancient brick dwelling like most of those built by the city merchants of a hundred years ago. It is quaint and interesting, but it has very little to do with our story, except that for many years it was its unsuspected repository. Since 1798, when it was built, it has been the home of the Corliss family, for so the name came to be called in New England, although in New York, where the Dutch founder of the family was born, it was Corlaer. There are many traditions concerning the old house, and there is not a servant-girl in the whole region but knows that it is haunted. The most extraordinary and frightful sounds are nightly heard within its walls, and more than one maid has given warning because she has met on the stairway the gray lady pursued by the pirate. It is a beautiful gray lady, with soft blue eyes and fine blond hair—the very pattern, judging from the description of her, of the delicate fair girls who were ruthlessly brought from comfortable English homes to New England forests two hundred and fifty years ago; and the pirate is said to be a handsome, dashing-looking fellow, clad in sailor costume, with petticoat breeches, and with a red handkerchief bound about his head, which appears to be cracked, as from the blow of a club or other blunt weapon.

There has long been a hazy tradition in the family of dealings between one of its early daughters and the pirates who once infested the waters of New York Harbor and Long Island Sound, and the present occupant of the house and head of the family (for five generations the eldest child has been a boy) was for many years accustomed to relate a story which his grandfather heard from his father, the builder of the old house. The impression made on the boy's mind had weakened, and the flow of intervening years had washed out much of the color of the tale. It was believed, however, that the family's ancestress, whether she was the gray lady or not, had carefully written out her romance, and that the manuscript was lost while the carpenters were finishing the Salem house. All hope of finding the treasure had departed before the present generation saw the light of day. A few years ago, some changes being made in the house, it was decided to tear out and make over an interesting closet, the like of which is probably not to be found in any house in the country. It opened out of a little room on the second floor, the apartment being at the end of the house next the straggling sheds. What was odd about the closet was a winding flight of five steps for which there was no discernible reason. The steps simply led to the wall of the closet at about the point where a row of hooks would naturally be. There being no apparent reason for these steps, the carpenter was directed to destroy them, when, to the surprise of all, they turned out to be sealed boxes. Nothing was in them except a great pile of yellow manuscript, among which was that containing the story which follows. No one has been able to surmise why these boxes were made, or why they were closely sealed up. The builder of the house, an odd character, wholly devoted to business, was known to have had such a strong antipathy to his Dutch ancestry that he quitted New York, and was gratified by the gradual evolution of his name from Corlaer to Corliss. It may well have been, therefore, that he had thrown the manuscript into the box, thinking to preserve it where the sight of it would not offend him, and, in the course of time, he had concluded that, as a family romance does not help one to get on in the world, it had best rest undisturbed in its strange abiding-place. Whatever the motives or the purpose of its concealer, however, there was the manuscript, which was not, as tradition had it, written by the gray lady, or by any woman, but by the bold, sturdy, adventurous Petrus Corlaer himself, one of the founders of the leather trade in Beekman's Swamp, in the city of New York, and the Dutch ancestor of the dwellers in the Salem house. Some of the pages were so ragged as to be undecipherable, but from the somewhat bald statement of facts the story was gathered.

In the year 1693 Benjamin Fletcher was Governor of New York, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, and he was also commissioned commander of the militia of New Jersey and Connecticut. In that year the jealousy of the Dutch for the English was greatly increased by the efforts of the Governor to make the Established Church of England the state church of the province. In that year, too, the waters of New York Bay and Long Island Sound were infested by pirates, who, with the smugglers, wellnigh ruined the honest mariners and the law-obeying shopkeepers. Incoming ships were attacked almost within sight of the Government House at Whitehall, and the pious Huguenots, who had settled on the Sound a few years before, told strange stories of buccaneers who often visited their shores in the dead of night. In that year it began to be whispered about at the Dutch taverns and afternoon tea-drinkings that Governor Fletcher himself, brave soldier and stout churchman as he was, and many of the foremost men of his administration, were in league with the pirates, with whom they divided their booty. But the English said that these were idle tales of the Dutch, who hated their conquerors, and who were especially stirred up against the Governor because he insisted upon making the Church of England the religious establishment of the province.

On a pleasant afternoon in the late summer, Petrus Corlaer was leaning over the lower half of the front door of his mother's house. He was counted the handsomest Dutchman in the city, as he was one of the most promising. His father, dead these five years, built the house in which Petrus and his mother dwelt; and the date of its birth, 1681, was in big sprawling iron figures on its front. The black and yellow bricks and the tiles on the roof were brought from Holland, and the quaint old weather-vane had ornamented the ancestral house in Amsterdam. The young man's fresh and ruddy face, usually cheerful, was overcast with gloom, and he apparently drew very little comfort from the long pipe which he smoked, or from the glowing tulip beds of Mrs. Bogardus opposite.

Presently there appeared from within a short fat figure in a linsey jacket and innumerable petticoats. A huge pocket hung from her girdle, and from it there projected part of an unfinished stocking, the handle of a pair of scissors, and bright knitting-needles. Petrus made way for her, opening the door so that she might pass out.

"Where are you going to tea, mother?" he asked.

"To T'Marckvelt Cloppers." (When the Dutch were especially angry with the English they called the streets by the old names.) There was not a sign of emotion on Dame Corlaer's round face as she said to her son: "Walk along with me, Petrus. I would have some talk."

So Petrus walked on with his mother up toward Heere Straat, which would take them to T'Marckvelt, first knocking the ashes out of his pipe and putting it away. If Petrus had not been so evidently troubled there would not have been a more comfortable Dutch couple in New York than mother and son. But a Dutch exterior is not always an indication of what is going on within.

"Petrus, I am wroth with you."

Petrus said nothing. He walked on, with his hands in the pockets of his bulging breeches.

"Why were you not at the Stuyvesant apple bee yesterday evening?"

Still Petrus made no answer.

"Are not the maidens of your own people good enough for you, but you must go seeking a bride among these English?"

"Mother, let us speak of the new tan pit in Beekman's Swamp. I want your consent to the sale of some of our land."

"We will speak of that some other time. You have angered your mother by courting the young girl who has come from Boston with the Governor's new English dominie. Do you not know that she has no linen-chest such as you would have with Minnie Clopper or Jacoba Smeeder, who would give their eyes for you?"

The efforts of Petrus to divert his mother from the subject were unavailing. Doing full justice to her thrifty race ordinarily, she would not now listen to her son's projects of moving the tanning business from the Beaver Path to the Swamp, and she reached her destination still denouncing the English and Yankees, who had brought strange customs into the good Dutch town.

"What will follow your desertion of our people, and taking up with this white-faced Yankee maiden? She will bear you no such stalwart sons as you are." And with this parting shot, the honest woman, her face wreathed with the smiles of prosperous maternity, joined the other gossips at the Clopper tea-table.

Petrus Corlaer's love had led him a most unhappy dance during the summer, but in that part of the faded manuscript in which the tottering hand described the Boston maiden there is a warmth and tenderness which show that the young man's heart was stirred to its depths. The old man paints a picture of the love of his youth, and she must have been fair indeed; fairer, doubtless, to Dutch Petrus for the contrast of her lithe figure, clad in modest colors, to the rounded forms of the apple-faced daughters of his own people, whose natural size was increased by voluminous quilted petticoats. It is evident from his narrative, too, that he was surprised and then attracted by the strangely alert feminine mind which, for the first time, he now encountered.

When he came to write of her, he lingered on his first impressions. "Rose Gardner was this maiden's name," he writes, "and English rose she was in all her nature. Truly it was a rose without a thorn that the Governor's new rector planted among our Dutch tulips. I can see her now with these old eyes that are much troubled to follow my pen, as she walked among us, with her blue eyes quick with intelligence, and sometimes rich and deep like the heavens when they bend nearest. The Dutch maidens with whom my mother wished me to wed looked coldly on her, and she could not win their affection by her modest graciousness."

As Petrus wrote further on, he had a "deal of do" to make the acquaintance of the daughter of Mr. Gardner, the new Episcopal rector whom the Governor had induced to come from Boston, where he and his kind were as unwelcome and not so well treated as they were in New York. There was strong feeling between the Dutch and the English, among whom were included the hated Yankees, who had taken away the Dutch trade on the Connecticut, and the descendants of the settlers of New Amsterdam still maintained a vigorous exclusiveness toward their conquerors and rivals. But Petrus was a most liberal-minded Dutchman, and knew and liked the English and Yankees to a degree that made his mother and his uncles, aunts, and cousins utter many a wrathful grunt at tea-drinkings, and send forth angry puffs of smoke at the tavern. As to words on this subject, his mother had spoken more on their short walk to the Cloppers' than he had ever heard before.

For many months Petrus had been blind to the blooming maidens of his race, and had eyes only for his English Rose. The way to her heart seemed hard. He did not mind that he could not win her in the comfortable, silent, Dutch fashion. He gloried in the slowly unfolding love that aroused the best there was in him, and, in the very effort of winning her, widely expanded his vision of human nature. He sometimes felt that a touch of her hand, a glance of her eye, would be a Moses' rod to his imprisoned passion, but never was there the touch or the glance; and at other times the dread of hearing what in his inmost soul he could not believe kept him silent. In his history Petrus expresses the belief that he was the first of the Dutch youth of New Amsterdam who trembled lest the spoken answer of his mistress might be amiss. At length there came the inevitable time when he was compelled to pour forth his love, and then he met with a keen disappointment. It is true that Rose did not reject his suit, but she received it with such evident trepidation as to arouse the compassion of her lover, who half believed that he must have been brutally blind to her feelings to have caused her so much distress. Soon afterward he learned that her misery was occasioned by the avowal of a love which her father would not permit her to entertain, because he had betrothed her to a young sailor, a relative of a British officer and peer, whose influence with the Governor was great. She had known the sailor in Boston, and he was to have a ship of his own sailing from New York as soon as it could be procured for him by the Governor and his influential relative. Her notions of maiden modesty did not permit her to speak of her feelings for this sailor, and consequently the torments of Petrus were the greater.

When the young man, returning after having bestowed upon his mother the blessed opportunity to scold, reached the Maiden's Path, which the English called Maiden's Valley and Maiden's Lane, he turned into the cool shades, and walked gloomily enough along its slender stream. He stood leaning against a beech-tree that filled the pathway, kicking twigs and pebbles into the water, spreading wrinkles over its face so that it seemed a reflection of his own. Presently he realized that some one was on the other side of the tree, and, looking around, he saw Rose Gardner. She was seated on the grass, as if she were simply enjoying the silence and beauty of the place; but when she saw Petrus she started up and grasped his hand. Then, looking, not downward, but straight into his honest eyes, with a glowing love-light that sent a thrilling wave of happiness through his heart, she said:

"Oh, Petrus! I have come to tell you what you should have known these many days. All night I have prayed for wisdom, and that I might be let from doing anything unmaidenly; and now I am content, and know that I but do my duty. I saw you pass by with your mother, and felt that you would surely return this way, so I came to meet you, Petrus"—and now her eyes fell and she was blushing, but she went on bravely—"and to say yes to your wooing."

Then Petrus took her in his strong arms, and kissed her lips; but before he could say a word she released herself, and her lover saw that her face was troubled.

"But we must not tarry here," she said, "for we may be watched. Come into the thicket that I may tell you the sad news I have brought with my love. Oh, my beloved! I fear that our happiness begins and ends at once, but I could not depart with my secret unspoken."

"Depart?" said Petrus, feeling a great sinking of the heart.

"Yes; but come quickly, for I fear we may be watched," and she dragged the dumfounded man into the thicket, where they would be safe from the prying eyes of passers. And then Petrus learned that the Boston sailor was the Roger Jackson who had recently come to New York, following quickly a dreadful piracy that had been committed in what is now known as the lower harbor. The plundered ship was the *Duke of York*, one of the stanchest merchantmen of the city, and as her master was murdered, Lord —— obtained Jackson's appointment as the new captain. One of the strangest incidents of this robbery was the escape of the vessel with Roger Jackson, who had been engaged as mate in Boston, where the ship touched, and four men who had shipped with him. Jackson was promoted for his courage and skill, but the Boston people who knew him shook their heads when they heard the tale. However that may be, he had reached New York, was master of a ship, and demanded the hand of Rose Gardner. There had been many a distracting scene in the rectory over this demand, Rose having refused to listen to the commands of her father and the counsels of the Governor, who was called in to aid Jackson's suit, and whose word was naturally potent with Mr. Gardner. At last, suspecting another attachment, her father was persuaded to consent that if she did not yield she would be sent to Lord ——'s country house, on the shores of the Long Island Sound, "an excellent place to cool young heads and to teach young hearts obedience to their appointed authorities." Fearful lest the threat should be carried out at once, she had hastened to tell Petrus of her love, and to bid him farewell forever.

But Petrus swore by St. Nicholas that the farewell should not be forever. His heart was strengthened by Rose's confession of love, and he resolved to keep her now that he had won her; but he could not persuade her to marry him, notwithstanding the opposition of her father. Her sense of filial duty was too strong, and no other way than direct rebellion occurring to him, he was obliged to bid her a sad farewell, first arranging for means of communication.

Petrus knew from Rose that she feared Jackson. She was convinced that her visit to his lordship's country house would be simply the first step in a plot for her abduction, and it was such a catastrophe that he determined to prevent. It was comparatively an easy matter to find the country house, and he was kept informed of Rose's presence at the rectory by an open window all day, and a candle at night. Petrus slept very little during this anxious time, and spent many weary hours hovering around the rectory. He also made several trips into the country. His eyes were on the signal window at early morning and late at night, and it is more than likely that Rose's departure was hastened by his constant vigilance. More than once he came face to face with Roger Jackson, and was greeted with a black scowl from as handsome and wicked eyes as those of the pirate who had been recently hanged in front of the Bridewell. Once the Governor met him, and said: "Friend Petrus, your trade is tanning; see to it that you do not change places with the hides. You will escape a tanning if you are wise." Petrus would have interpreted this warning accurately enough, even if the Governor had not jerked his thumb knowingly toward the rectory.

It was getting on toward the end of September, and the open window during the day and the bright candle through the night had told Petrus that Rose was safe. One dark and windy night, however, the candle went out while he looked at it, and as he continued to gaze at the spot where it had been, a carriage, which he recognized as his lordship's, drove up to the rectory door. Strange figures were on the driver's box. As he studied the equipage, quickly making up his mind for a sudden rush and a rescue, he was seized from behind and pushed headlong up the street. His struggles, strong as he was, were of no avail. His assailants were too many. As they pushed him on, they jested among themselves in strange sea-jargon. When he cried out, they buffeted him, and warned him that if he made any more noise they would take measures to stop his clatter. He was hurried past the Common, and soon was on the Boston Road. Just by the pillory a carriage dashed by, and a harsh voice called out, "Throw him into the Collect, boys."

Upon this there was a woman's scream, which was quickly suppressed, and the ruffians who had him in charge pushed him with even greater rapidity toward the fresh-water pond, which, as tradition said, was bottomless, and on whose black waters Indian ghosts nightly paddled their canoes. The pond was not far away, and Petrus made up his mind to a speedy ducking, for which he would not care if they left him free to swim. Murder, however, was in the minds of these sea-dogs. They had orders to rid the town of the "Dutch hog," as they called him, using the speech common to many of the English, honest and otherwise. When they reached the water they fell into a dispute among themselves as to whether they should bind him and blindfold him, as they did their victims whom they compelled to walk the plank, for they were pirates as well as mariners. There was a general consent among the wretches that there was little hope for Petrus, bound or unbound. When he was once in the Collect, the Indian ghosts and the other evil spirits that were known to inhabit the dreaded pond would see to that. It was the superstition of many persons that no white man ever escaped drowning if he fell into this water after nightfall. Petrus, however, was neither ignorant nor a coward. He was not afraid of the Collect, in which he had often swam, and where he had caught many a goodly string of perch; but he did not want his hands bound, and he realized that the conservative member of the quartet, who urged abundant precaution, would doubtless prevail.

As the debate grew earnest—his captors had kept him in front of them, and as yet he had not seen them—only one man held him, and his grasp had relaxed. He was very much interested in his argument, which was to the effect that the devil did not need the assistance of bonds, and that if he refused, as he confessedly might, to accept a victim from their hands, they would be the safer if Petrus's body were not found with the marks of violence upon it.

He had just concluded his exhortation with the remark, "Oi tell ye, mates, oi don't loike this 'ere business ashore. When oi'm ashore oi loikes to be a honest seaman," when Petrus kicked him violently in the shins with a powerful back stroke of his heel. The man to whom land murder was distasteful had hardly time to cry out in pain, "Be this 'ere Dutchman a mule?" when he found that he had an empty coat in his hand. Petrus plunged into the pond, and the four pirates looked after him with blank amazement at the intrepidity or ignorance which could thus face the spirits of the Collect. The night was very dark, and Petrus could neither see his captors nor be seen by them as he floated on his back in the familiar waters, but he could hear them talk in tones that became more and more awed as the silence deepened and the man who had escaped them failed to reappear. At last, the one who seemed to be the boldest, and the leader, said:

"Well, the devil's got the Dutchman sure, and much joy may he have with his pork-and-cabbage carcass."

"Then we'd better be off, Luke; we hain't no occasion to be stan'in' round this devil's hole." This was spoken by the man who had received the vigorous attention of Petrus's heel.

"Ye be afeared, Bill," said the leader. "Ye shouldn't fear the master ye've served so many years."

"Oi beant afeared o' anythin' on foot or hoof," blustered Bill; and then, gathering confidence from the sympathetic approval of his other two mates, who were anxious to be away from the hateful place, he went on: "That is, oi've no fear, roightly, of anythin' oi've acquaintance with; but oi know naught o' these fresh-water devils, an' honest seafaring folk had best be away from them and theirs, says oi."

The other two agreeing, the leader was forced to end the watch for Petrus, and the four went off, first leaving the coat at the side of the pond as evidence, so far as it would go, that Petrus had voluntarily jumped into the Collect.

Before they had quitted the place, however, Petrus swam quietly to a point of land that jutted out into the pond, and waited, shivering. At last he made his way to the Boston road, and sped along the highway toward New Harlem, past the orchards and country places of the old settlers, until he came to the Stuyvesant bouwerie.

Petrus had no definite plan; he was simply determined to do all in his power to save his mistress from Roger Jackson's clutches. He was resolved to use violence if it were necessary; and so, after getting admission to the farm-house—a matter of no small difficulty in the middle of the night—he asked the aid of the friends whom he found there. All the next day he lay hidden in the Stuyvesant bouwerie. As may be easily imagined, he was the victim of the most torturing doubt and uncertainty. Rose was imprisoned by the villains, and he dared not move to her rescue until night came, for it was essential that his enemies should suppose him dead. Meantime Tjerck Huyck, a young farmer, notified Dame Corlaer of her son's seizure and escape, and enlisted a dozen stout young Dutchmen, who were greatly pleased by the chance to help their old comrade in his trouble. There was naturally a great hubbub in New York over the disappearance of Petrus, who was popular with both the Dutch and English, notwithstanding his preference for the delicate new-comer to the substantial maidens of his people. When his coat was found on the Collect's bank, it was universally believed that he was drowned, and the wailing was prodigious. Dame Corlaer's tears and outcries did full credit to her maternal heart, and, indeed, she was sorely stricken, notwithstanding Tjerck's assurances that Petrus was safe. She was partly a sympathetic sharer in the sorrows of those about her—partly overwhelmed with the sense of mystery that surrounded her son; partly indignant that Tjerck would not tell her more, and partly oppressed with the weight of the secret that she dare not reveal, for fear that she might expose Petrus to his enemies.

During the day, the young men whom Tjerck enlisted in the enterprise made their way over the Harlem River into the country. There they rendezvoused at a quiet place on the borders of the Sound, not many miles from Lord ——'s house, where Petrus and his friends used to fish for the turtles from which their mothers made the rich and satisfying soup that graced their tables on occasions of festive hospitality. There they waited all day, and far into the night, for Petrus, who had thought best to come by water, in order to avoid meeting the people who were constantly passing to and fro between New York and Harlem. At about seven o'clock in the evening he started to row his wherry up the East River, expecting to join his party at about ten o'clock, for he had a good two hours' task against an adverse tide. He was well on the right side of Hell Gate when he was aware of the approach of a sailing vessel, presumably a pinnace. Judging from the sound she made, Petrus concluded that she was on the starboard tack, and that if he stopped rowing she would pass well forward of him after she came about. But the people on the sailing craft had also heard the noise of Petrus's oars, and were apparently determined to have the water to themselves, for they shortened the leg, went quickly about, and bore directly down on the wherry. Petrus bent his energies to backing water, the tide being with him in that direction; but the distance between the two boats was so inconsiderable that the wash of the waters about the pinnace's prow seemed to be coming almost from under his own boat. He saw the gray shade of a sail for a moment in the darkness, then the flash of a lantern; then he heard the report of a pistol, and the pinnace barely grazed the stem of the wherry. When the light of the lantern flashed upon him, he heard a voice shriek out, "It's the Dutch devil; oi told ye he'd ha'nt ye!" and then another voice, harsher and steadier, said, "Knock him down, some one; he's got the horrors!"

Petrus knew the voices. In the manuscript, he wrote that he never could forget them, and that they haunted him even in his old age.

With the last voice came the pistol-shot; but not until Petrus had seen that the pinnace had a broad white stripe on her side. For some reason the pirates made no further search for him. Perhaps they thought that it would be useless; perhaps they had no time to lose. At all events they went on their way, and gave Petrus an opportunity to discover that the pistol bullet had carried away one of his thole-pins, so that he was forced to scull ashore and cut a new one from the twig of a tree. He was so much delayed by this extraordinary adventure that it was nearly midnight when he joined his companions at the meeting-place on Frog's Neck.

It was evident to Petrus that there was no time for sleep, and that any delay might be fatal. The errand of the pirates and the pinnace up the Sound on the night following Rose's hasty departure from the city boded no good to her. Late as it was, however, he hoped that he had time to prevent the crime which was evidently contemplated. He had stout hearts and strong arms with him, and faith that if the worst came, he and Tjerck, and their dozen Dutchmen, would prove more than a match for a pinnace crew of pirates. It was somewhat difficult to prevail on his comrades to forego their sleep for a midnight walk; but when they were at last convinced of the necessities of the occasion, they yielded with the proverbial good-nature and loyalty of their race. They had a hard journey over the rocks and through the woods. Even to this day the byways of the region are full of difficulties, and what must they have been when the great bowlders blocked every pathway? But when the Dutchmen finally saw the black pile of roof looming up against the sky, each one of them, long and arduous as the tramp had been, felt that the cracking of a few piratical or English skulls would be a very agreeable occupation.

During the day the weather was cloudy, and now for an hour or so the rain had poured steadily down with an unwavering persistency that indicated the beginning of a long and hard autumn storm. The wind was shifting out of the north into the east. In a few hours the Sound would be in a fury, and while a well manned and handled pinnace would be safe enough, her crew and passengers would get a thorough drenching. Therefore the pirates must be in a hurry to be off with their prey, who was doubtless to be carried to the *Duke of York*, which had hauled out into the stream that afternoon, ready to begin her first voyage under the command of her new captain.

How black it was! And not a light shone from the windows of the house. The silence was unbroken, except for the creaking of a few late lingering katydids and the hooting of a screech-owl that flew about the house, and whose wailing sounded like a despairful cry for help. Was the crime already accomplished? Was the delay on the river fatal to the enterprise? Was Rose already in the possession of the villains, and far beyond the reach of aid? For if she were once taken on board the *Duke of York*, she was forever lost to Petrus. These were the thoughts that racked Petrus's brain; but while the old man narrated the incidents of his watch so that an imaginative reader can feel the terrible anxiety and the sinking dread that must have oppressed him, something seems to have assuaged the horror in his own mind.

Petrus knew the house well, for he made several visits to the vicinity just before Rose was carried away. He even gained admission by disguising himself as a peddler, and pleasing the tastes of the black woman who was its care-taker. Thus he knew that the big window over the front door lighted an upper hall, and that the chamber on the left of it was designed for Rose, for the care-taker had shown him over the mansion, her heart having warmed to the stupid trader, whose goods were brilliant, and whose prices might be reduced by the gratification of his natural curiosity. She had never met so stupid and so cheap a peddler. There was one door in this room that was locked. When Petrus tried to open it, the woman told him sharply that he must not pry behind closed doors. At that end of the house the slanting roof sloped down over a projection, the building beyond the room, which shall be called Rose's, being one story high. In the rear, where there were two roofs, this looked like an L, a kitchen, or an office. The entrance to this one-story part was in front. Petrus remarked, on the occasion of this visit, that all the rooms in the rear of the house, which overlooked the Sound, were locked, and the heavy wooden shutter of the window in that end of the hall was bolted. There was neither door nor window on the Sound side of the low part of the house. Petrus said nothing concerning this, although he very nearly asked an unwise question. It is sometimes difficult for clever people to be as stupid as they wish to seem. The barred and bolted L, apparently containing one room, was a puzzle. The house stood on the rocks, and a deep fissure ran up to the foundation of this room; but Petrus never got so near this as to discover that the cleft was wide enough to afford a passage from the water's edge to a narrow door which led into the cellar. He came to the conclusion that there was no doorway to the house except in front, and therein he was grievously mistaken. The cellar of that little barred room furnished the means of communication between the proprietor and the pirates, who thus brought to their official protector the price of his corruption, and drove the bargains which were said by both sides to be very hard. It was entered from the room above by a trap-door, and the locked door in Rose's apartment opened on a stairway leading into that room.

Believing as he did concerning the house and its entrances, Petrus's plans were simple. He and Rose agreed that abduction should be resisted with all the might of her lover and his friends. He was to keep a watch on the place, and to take such steps as circumstances seemed to demand. If she had opportunity and time, she was to give an alarm from the big window over the front door by passing a light three times before it at night, waving a white object three times out of it by day, or by calling his name. If there was no time for this, she was to make a show of resistance to her captors as soon as she was brought out of the door, and, above all, to scream vigorously. Upon which her lover and his friends were to rush to her rescue.

In pursuance of this arrangement, Petrus and his little band were now in the woods in front of the house. But were they too late? There was no light in the window, no light anywhere. The house seemed to be deserted. Petrus listened so intensely that his ear imagined sounds. Once he was sure that he heard footsteps on the rocks at the water's edge, and he crept around to the rear of the building. Everything was silent, and he was convinced that he was mistaken. He peered out over the water for some sign of the pinnace, and, though he did not know it, he nearly stumbled over a man lying asleep in a ship's gig that was made fast to the shore within ten feet of where he lay. He went back to the wood, but no light had been seen and no sound had been heard by the watchers. He returned to the shore, and lay there looking out, hoping that his eyes would get accustomed to the darkness. He was beginning to fear that there was nothing for him to see, that the pirates had accomplished their purpose and departed, when he heard a splash, a trampling of feet, and a voice which he could not distinguish. He saw the gleam of a lantern on the white stripe of a pinnace lying within a hundred feet of the shore, and a stout figure pulling a man aboard with a boat-hook. The noise awoke the sleeping man in the gig, and Petrus was surprised and alarmed by a stir and a growled-out oath, which came to him from directly beneath the jutting rock on which he lay.

So he was still in time to save Rose, and, notwithstanding his perilous and disagreeable position, that comforting peace was his which comes to a man with the end of doubt, when he is sure that whatever is to come will be shaped in some measure by his own powers. The patient watchers, when they knew that their errand was not to be fruitless, were contented, and hoped for a speedy ending. The delay was strange. They could not understand the absolute darkness and silence of the house. It was evident that everything was in readiness, and that time and the weather demanded haste. They did not know that his lordship was doing his utmost inside the house to save Rose from Roger Jackson.

The pinnace had brought to him his share of the plunder of the *Duke of York*. It was in gold coin and jewels, for he would have nothing to do with goods. It was a goodly sum that Luke, the mate, placed in Captain Jackson's hands through the half-opened door in the rock crevice, for it was one of his lordship's business principles that two only are the necessary parties to a trade, and that more simply make a transaction promiscuous. And after the business was over, the great man's conscience smote him. His lovely prisoner strongly appealed to the black woman who had charge of her, a woman knowing much of piracy and caring little for it and its kindred vices, but who had no reason to love Roger Jackson, for he had stolen her from the West Indies and brought her to this woody solitude to serve his patron. Jackson had been cruel to her on the voyage, and she bore the marks of his ill-usage. She learned enough from overhearing conversations between her master and Jackson to know that harm to Rose was intended, and, criminal though she was, she became eager to save the young girl from cruel Roger Jackson. Moreover, Rose's beauty, heightened by her distraction and wild grief, stirred to life her long-slumbering womanly sympathies.

Rose was lifted out of the carriage late at night, and Jackson carried her to her room. She had fainted, and when she revived she broke out into wild cries for Petrus. All night and all the next day she moaned and wept and begged for news of her lover. Had the wretches drowned him in the dreadful Collect? Was he dead? They had murdered him, and they were about to murder her. Where was she? Who was the black woman who guarded her? She would escape. She tried one door after another. They were locked. The black woman was first annoyed by her charge, then pitied her, and then attempted to reconcile her to her situation; but she could not; and at last her feelings were so wrought upon that she determined to urge her master to prevent Roger Jackson from carrying Rose away. She begged, she argued, and she even threatened; but, slave that she was, she speedily recognized the futility of this course, and then she broke out into wild, savage cries over the hapless child, cries that astonished and finally distressed her master, who, to calm her, promised to do what he could to save her charge.

When the woman had gone his lordship looked at his watch. Then, taking a candle, he opened the trap and went into the cellar. The woman knew Jackson so well that she felt no confidence in her master's powers of persuasion. If that hard-hearted wretch had determined to marry Rose, he would have his bargain at all hazards. Her heart was heavier than it had been for many a long year—since the days of her innocence.

That there was something going on in the cellar was certain. She was too well accustomed to the ways of the place not to be able to realize that plotting was in progress. How to save the girl she knew not. Rose had become quiet from sheer exhaustion, and lay moaning on the bed. Suddenly she started up, and asked the hour.

"It's got to be after midnight by this time, honey."

The black woman heard sounds in the room below, and once there was a footstep on the stairs. She listened at the door. Her master and Jackson were there, and were about to descend once more into the cellar. She thought of opening the front door that Rose might escape into the night. The girl might be caught, it is true; she probably would be; but the case was desperate. As for herself, she would probably be killed; but she was reckless.

"Honey," she whispered, "does ye want to run away?"

"Will you—will you—" Rose could not believe the woman.

"You'll be caught, honey; dey's got men on de outside."

"Oh, let me try! Oh, let me try!" Rose was ready to take any chance. Petrus might be dead, but she would willingly take this opportunity to escape from Jackson. Then she thought that after all her lover might have escaped. She was calm and brave, and the black woman, looking at her and admiring her now as she had pitied her before, said:

"I will give ye a chance, honey."

Then Rose kissed the woman, and asked for the candle. The door was unlocked, and she went out into the hall and opened the blinds of the great window. Then taking the candle and holding it high above her head, she walked across the hall, then back, and then across once more. Three times the light crossed the window and threw its rays into the eyes of Petrus and his companions.

Then Rose, shading the light with her hands that it should shine out no more, and preceded by the black woman, descended the stairs. The bolts were drawn, she felt the rain upon her face, she stepped out into the night, a strong hand seized her by the throat and she was thrust back into the house. The tramp of feet, the sound of blows, the curses and cries of men were around her. In a second she was in Petrus's arms; in another second she was in a strange room where she had never been before. Lord —— was standing at a table which was heaped with gold and jewels. A man, the one who thrust her back, was lying bound on the floor. She was by the side of the black woman, and near her stood Petrus, tall, alert, handsome, his eyes flashing, with a pistol in one hand and a stout cudgel in the other. Behind him was his band of Dutchmen. Standing at the edge of an opening in the floor was Roger Jackson. He wore a sailor's costume, and his head was bound by a red handkerchief. He appeared to have turned at bay. A drawn sword was in his hand. All this she saw at a glance. Then she saw Petrus start toward Jackson, and the latter turned to fly, but not before Petrus had struck him a blow on the head, from the wound of which blood flowed. The pirate escaped through the door in the cellar.

When the pirate had gone, Petrus stood in front of his lordship, a handsome man dressed in the exquisite fashion of the times; but the handsomer Nature had made him the meaner now he seemed to be, as he stood with bowed head waiting for Petrus to speak.

"I fancy, my lord, there is no misunderstanding as to the crime that was to be perpetrated."

His lordship made no reply.

"Nor is the source of your wealth any longer a secret."

Still his lordship was silent.

"Does not your lordship think it best to return to England?"

My lord looked at Petrus appealingly, but the young Dutchman was inexorable. He looked at Rose, but she was busy admiring her lover.

"Yes," he said at length, with a sigh. His lordship was deeply in debt at home.

"Your intention is to return within the month?"

"If it is thought best."

"It is. You have no longer any reason for opposing my marriage with Rose Gardner?"

"None whatever."

Then his lordship, at the dictation of Petrus, wrote to Mr. Gardner this letter:

"Edgetide, *Sept.* 22, 1693.

"Reverend and dear Friend,—I find that great deception hath been practised upon us all with reference to the character of Roger Jackson, who turns out, fortunately in good time, to be a man of mean parts and of great wickedness. You owe to Providence the deepest gratitude for Rose's escape from the clutches of villains. She returns to you under guard of Petrus Corlaer. I am very soon to depart from the country, and may not see you again. Farewell, my friend, and believe me, as ever, etc., etc., etc."

It was not long after this that Petrus and Rose were married according to the rites of the English Church, the gentle bride having accomplished more than the Governor was able to do with all his power and influence.

At the end of the manuscript are written in a woman's hand these words:

"And not a cloud of unhappiness has obscured the sunshine of the fifty years during which I have been the blessed wife of Petrus Corlaer. Our children and our grandchildren are about us. Our son is like his father, but fashioned a little more after the English pattern, and is about to take his place among the fathers of the city. All our trials were crowded into a few days of our strong youth, when we were best able to bear them."

Henry Loomis Nelson.

RONDEAU.

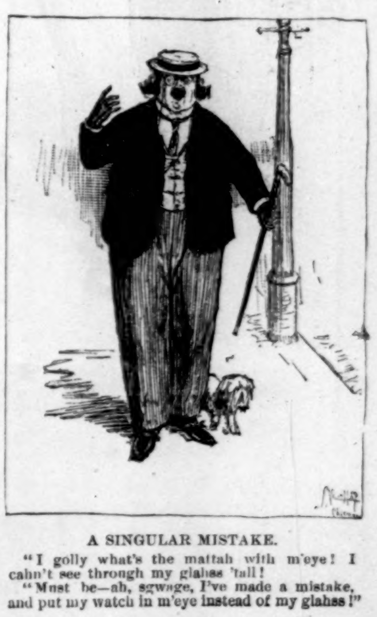
Written in Captain Charles King's *Between the Lines.*

"Between the lines" the bugles peal,
The guidons fly, the squadrons wheel,
The watch fires glow; at dead of night
Swift hoofs are heard; and dawn is bright
With flash of gun and glint of steel.

But heart doth still to heart reveal,
While sabres clash and troopers reel,
The love that burns with radiant light
"Between the lines."

So in life's conflict, grim and real,
'Mid blare and pomp and strife, I feel
That heart may still with heart unite,
And teach thee, love, to read aright
The thought I hint, yet half conceal,
"Between the lines."

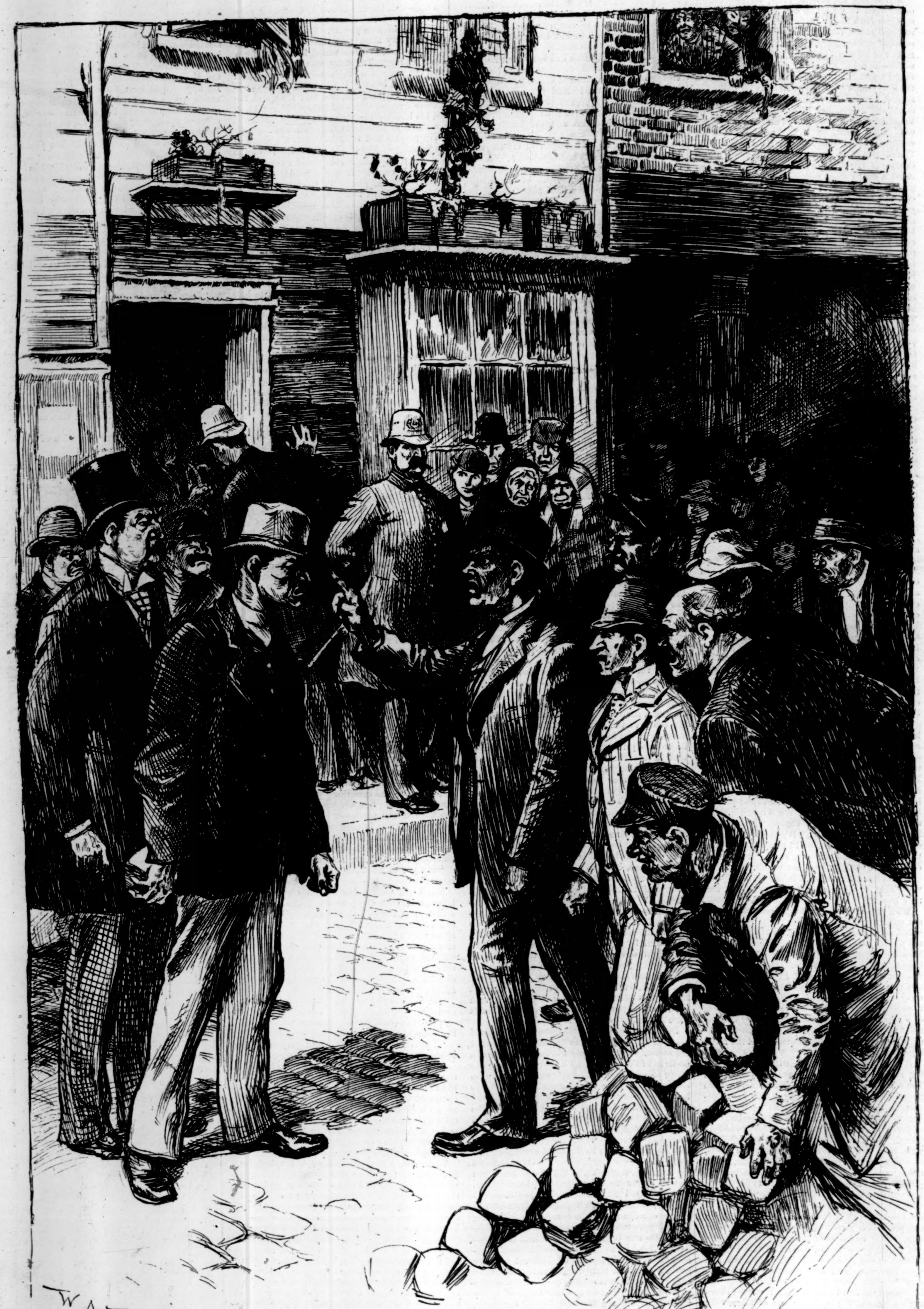
F. B. Wiley.



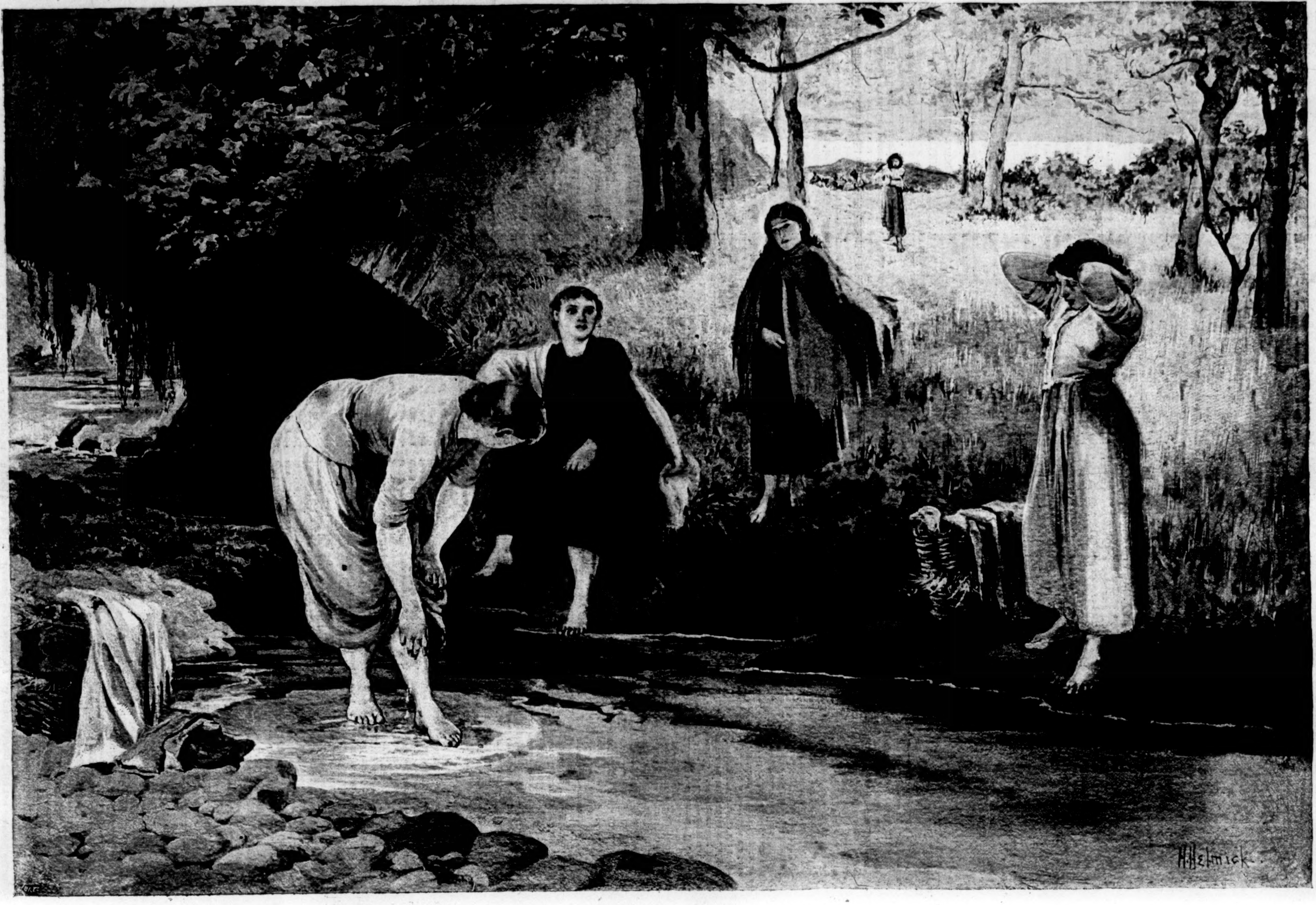
A SINGULAR MISTAKE.

"I golly what's the mattah with m'eye! I cahn't see through my glahss 'tall!

"Must be—ah, sgwage, I've made a mistake, and put my watch in m'eye instead of my glahss!"



TAMMANY "WORKERS" AT THE POLLS IN PELL STREET, NEW YORK—THE BEGINNING OF A FREE FIGHT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 923.]



A WAY-SIDE TOILET.—Drawn by Howard Helmick.—[See Page 923.]

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FOOT-BALL.

(Continued from page 908, Supplement.)

forward of the full back. The office of these backs is the same. They may very well differ as much as possible in physique and their peculiar gifts.

The half back is for charging the opposing line at the centre and upon the wings, and to even flank the line itself. These are separate plays. In charging, the half back has sometimes the ball himself, sometimes another player has it running with him.

Defensively, the right and the left half backs cover each his own side of the field to tackle where the forwards have failed, and to catch balls that fall short of the full back. Half backs should kick well enough to return punts when a scrimmage is not waited for.

The centre rusher, or centre, is the key-stone of the rush line. He must be, comparatively, a most powerful rusher. The centre's first duty is to snap the ball back to the quarter in the scrimmage. His second is, with the right and left guard on either side of him, to maintain the centre of the line unbroken while the quarter back is handling the ball.

So much is essential in a centre. More positively, however, the work of the centre is to combine with his guards to force back and break the rush line that presses upon them at its centre whenever the ball is charged at that point of the line.

Defensively there is no more important work on the eleven than that the centre rusher and guards should hold their ground against the charges of opponents at the centre of the line, for nothing can decide a match so easily as the continued successful charging through the centre of an eleven's line. The habit is to put the three most powerful rushers centre and guards, so that it generally happens that neither centre can quite force the other, and the issue of the game turns on the rushing on the wings of the line and on kicking.

The guards, besides the play in connection with the centre mentioned above, have the office of rushing with the ball.

The tacklers, who are stationed to the right and the left between the guards and the end rushers, also share in the rushing with the ball. Whether a guard or tackler so rush he starts from his position in the scrimmage, and crosses over to an opening that is meanwhile prepared for him in the other wing of the line, taking the ball from the quarter back on his way.

Although the name of the latter rusher refers to his defensive play, the tackler has no more important work than making breaches in his wing of the opponents' rush line. This work extends to every charge of half backs and rushers against the wings. As the rushing of the game will more probably turn on the attempt to break a wing than the centre of the line, the best rushers find their places in the tackler positions.

The end rushers are most conspicuously concerned when the eleven is on the defensive. The first rushers spared, they follow a punt in common with the other rushers of the line. In common with other rushers also, the right and left end rushers have each to block a rusher in the scrimmage. The tackling, however, of the end rushers has special importance from their covering the extreme right and left wings of the eleven. If the end rusher ever miss his tackle the runner is already beyond the forwards, and has only to pass the backs to gain a touch-down.

It is a mistake to suppose that the tackling apportioned the end rusher is particularly difficult. His is simply a matter of extending the rush line till he leaves only the distance between him and the touch line that he can depend upon covering. It happens that no play is more vain than the attempt to flank a rush line possessed of trained end rushers; while against unsophisticated rushers to run around the ends is generally of all plays the most effective.

THE ENGLISH GAME.

BY H. NOTTINGHAM TOWNSEND.

After an Englishman has witnessed one of the American college championship games for the first time, he is usually asked, "How does an American college foot-ball team compare with the teams which the English universities put in the field?" That is a very natural question; but it is very difficult to answer truthfully and without prejudice. The styles of play are not the same, and the rules differ in one or two important respects. The English game is freer and more open than the game played in this country, and delays are less frequent. The delay in the American game is, I take it, mainly the result of the "rush line" play, as a captain will not give the signal to put the ball in play until the "rushers" have "blocked" their men.

Foot-ball has always been a very popular game in England, and in the Middle Ages the country people seem to have played it quite considerably. The village green appears to have been the recognized battle-field, and Shrove-Tuesday was a sort of foot-ball festival, at which the enthusiastic player sought for glory and got scars—scars of which no doubt he was as proud as if he had received them fighting on "Crispin's Day." We have no records to show under what rules, if any, those early foot-ball matches were played; but it is probable that the affairs were more or less "go as you please," and he who survived those terrible conflicts was, and deserved to be, the pride of the village.

The game advanced more or less rapidly through many stages; such interferences as the wars of the roses and the civil war naturally checked it to some extent, and somewhat reduced the number of foot-ball enthusiasts. As civilization advanced there was no doubt more regard for scientific play and less brutality in the games. Many of the worst features of the game, however, remained with it until within the last twenty-five years, when some sensible men saw that it would never become generally popular until its brutality was eradicated, and they joined together to amend the rules. "Hacking" and "tripping" were allowed under the old Rugby rules, and many a good man has been lamed for life and many have been killed by savage opponents. The writer had an interesting conversation the other day with an old Rugby boy, who was at the school in the "fifties." Talking of the game as played when he was there, he said he well remembers the terrific struggles which used to take place on their foot-ball field. In some of these games as many as fifty a side would play; and on one memorable occasion, when two certain "houses" played the rest of the school, there were 120 on each side. "Hacking" was allowed, and, in fact, had to be done to enable a player to get through such a rabble. These matches gave school-boys splendid opportunities to get even with any of their fellows against whom they might have a grudge. But school-boys are usually tough, and do not mind an occasional "hack." The present Rugby Union rules are only about twenty-three years old, and were adopted with the idea of ridding the game of many of its objectionable features, such as "hacking" and "tripping."

About 1866 or 1867 a certain military academy had a very noted foot-ball team—famed for its "hacking" proclivities—and the cadets became so notorious that teams were really afraid to play against them. The military boys were naturally hardened by the regular training they had to undergo, and they could stand any amount of "hacking" and general rough play. The Richmond Foot-ball Club's team of that year was made up of old college boys, who continued the game for the love of it, and a fine looking lot of young fellows they were. Out of nine "forwards," or "rushers," as they are called in America, there was not a man under six feet, and they were all in fairly good training. This team had a "date" with the cadets, and the match brought together a great number of spectators. During the first part of the game the cadets resorted to their usual methods, and many were the sore shins of the Richmond team. After half time the Richmond captain called his men together, and it was decided to play the same kind of game as their opponents. Upon restarting the game the necessary orders were given, and the team started in earnest to win or kill. A change came over the scene; but the cadets hardly fancied the new move. Richmond, however, "meant business," and she was simply giving the military "a Roland for an Oliver." Appreciating the folly and great danger of such play, these two clubs shortly afterward met, and it was decided to rule out "hacking" and "tripping" from all foot-ball matches. A committee was selected to invite the other clubs around London to form a union, and to agree upon a regular code of rules. A union was formed which was called the Rugby Union, and it is chiefly owing to its efforts that so many changes and improvements have been made in the game. The development of the game has been closely watched by the Union, and everything has been done to get rid of its brutal features. As a result, the game played to-day is a scientific and interesting one.

A team playing under the Rugby Union rules is composed of fifteen players, nine of whom are called "forwards," and play in the scrimmage, two "half backs," three "three-quarter backs," and one "full back." The "forwards" should be strong and fairly heavy men, with a good turn of speed and some knowledge of "dribbling," which is very necessary in the game as now played. "Dribbling" is taking the ball along in front of you while you are running, by short kicks from foot to foot. Some players become very expert at it, and can run at top speed with the ball at their toes, and keep control over it, so as to dodge an opponent or pass to a friend. It would appear strange to an American college player to see an English team of forwards "dribbling" the ball, after the coaching they themselves have had to always fall on the ball, and get possession of it somehow as soon as it is in play. In the English game it matters little or nothing who gets the ball in the field of play, whereas in the American game the possession of the ball means so much, with a good "rush line" and reliable backs.

The "forwards" must understand how to pack in a scrimmage, and to use their strength to advantage. They must not play round about the scrimmage, or on the wing, as it is termed, as they will interfere very much with the play of the "backs." They must watch the ball, follow up and tackle low, and must always be ready to receive the ball when passed to them. "Forwards" and "backs" should know each other's play, and should have perfect confidence in each other. The "half backs" play outside the scrimmage, one on each side of it, and it is their part of the work to watch the ball, and when they have a fair chance pass it to one of the "three-quarter backs." To make a success as a "half back" a player must be very quick and an accurate "passer," as a false pass may give his opponents a chance to score. The "half backs" must be able to tackle and run well, as their position becomes a very important one, particularly when near their opponents' goal line or on their own. A "three-quarter back" must have speed and tackling qualities, and should be a good kicker, both of a "punt" and a "drop kick." He has probably the hardest work of the game. He must also play an unselfish game, and if he finds he cannot get through his opponents, he must not hesitate to pass to one of his companions if there is a fair opportunity. The position of "full back" is a very responsible one, and it requires a good man to fill it. He must be an absolutely sure tackler and a good kicker. He must be cool, and must know just what to do at every point, as he seldom has time to think before acting.

The Rugby Union rules require two umpires, one of each side of the scrimmage, and a referee, to whom disputed points are submitted for final decision.

The game is generally started by a place kick from the centre of the field, and it is best to kick as high as possible, in order to give your "forwards" an opportunity to be on the opposing "back" as soon as he gets the ball, and to tackle him if he decides to run, or spoil his kick if he tries to return the ball. As a general thing one of the "backs" will have to receive the opening kick, and if he be a good man he usually can make a return by a good punt into "touch." He may decide to run, and soon he is coursing down the field. None of his own team is allowed to run in front of him, or to interfere in any way with the opposing "tacklers," and a free kick to their opponents is the penalty if they do so. As soon as the man is tackled and he is "down," a scrimmage is formed, and the ball is put into the centre of it by an umpire, and it is in play as soon as it touches the ground. No kicking is allowed in the scrimmage, nor can a player handle the ball until the scrimmage is broken up. In these days, when "loose" play is encouraged, the scrimmages are very sharp, and the ball is soon forced through. Sometimes you will see a scrimmage suddenly break, and one or two men will shoot out with the ball at their toes, and "dribble" the ball down the field, until they have a fair chance to pick it up without "muffing" it. When a try (equivalent to an American touch-down) has been obtained, the same routine is followed as in the American game, except that when a try is obtained directly behind the goal, the ball has to be brought out straight from one of the goal posts, which makes the place kick a little more difficult than if it were from the centre of the goal. When a ball is kicked into touch by a player of one side, it belongs to the other side, which prevents many rough and tumbles in touch for the possession of the oval.

The passing of the ball from the "half backs" to the "three-quarters" is probably the prettiest play of the game; but the passes must be accurate to be successful. The "backs" should follow each other up, and if the one with the ball thinks he cannot get by his opponents, he should pass the ball to some one of his own team behind him, who, in turn, may find it prudent to repass it to another of his side. We have seen the ball passed to and from half a dozen men of one team, and finally planted behind the goal. "Passing" in the English game is probably the most useful and effective play, and any man who plays a selfish game, *i. e.*, plays his own game without consideration for the other players, should be deprived of his place on the team. It is combined team play which wins games, and every team to make a success must practice playing together, and each member should work heart and soul to perfect their team play. Any one who has seen a foot-ball match played between first-class English teams will admit that the game is a very interesting one to watch, and from a player's point of view it is exceedingly interesting to play. There are no long waits while the ball is being put into play, as one has to complain of very often in the American game.

There is one feature in the English game which should be amended, and that is tackling. Under the present rules a player can tackle an opponent anywhere, there being no rule against tackling below the knee as there is in the American game, and many accidents result therefrom. If a tall man or any man is tackled below the knee he is sure to have a bad fall, and very often will be injured. The rules of the American and English games are very similar, the principal difference being in the "rush line" play of the American game and the American rules with reference to "downs."

It is very remarkable how many men play foot-ball in England after they have left college. In fact, some of the best teams in the country are made up of business men, whose only time for practice is when they play their weekly game, with probably one or two nights' work in a gymnasium. An English team is not trained to anything like the extent that an American college team is. A 'Varsity "fifteen" are kept in training by constant playing, but the members of the team are not prohibited from the use of tobacco and stimulants. There is an absence of tricks and prearranged plays in the English game, so that the team is not loaded up with signals of the most complicated nature, a mistake in one of which is liable to be fatal.

English teams play about the same game all over the country, no one style of play being peculiar to any one team, such as a Princeton V or a Yale "rush." There is more or less of a social element in English foot-ball, and in many parts of the country a big dinner generally follows a game. A visiting team is always entertained by the home team, and a musical evening is the regular entertainment afterward. There are many laurels to be won in English foot-ball. Every county has a team, which is made up from the best players in the local clubs; the selection being left to a regular committee appointed for that purpose. There is an annual match between teams from the North and South of England, for which the best men in the county teams are usually chosen. But the honor for which every foot-ball man strives is the "International Jersey." England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales play annual matches against each other, and the different teams are selected with great care from the best players in each country. Great interest is centred in these international contests, and any one of these matches will draw a very large crowd. England and Scotland are the greatest rivals, and generally have by far the best teams. A game between these two countries will bring together 25,000 easily. Ireland has at times put a very strong team in the field, but of late years there has been a great falling off.

Foot-ball is the most popular winter sport in the British Isles, and Americans would be astonished at the interest which is taken in the manly game everywhere. The larger cities in England and Scotland support as many as fifteen or twenty clubs, half a dozen of which can be called first-class. The parks and desirable fields are given up to the game, and a good match will always draw a large crowd. The Association rules (a kicking game) are principally played in Scotland, but there are very many teams who play under those rules in England, and the number is increasing yearly.

A game played under the Association rules by two good teams is very interesting, the science of "dribbling" and head-work being really wonderful. It is a pity that the rules of the game of foot-ball as played in America and in England could not be brought closer together, so that to the many international contests might be added this popular sport. To the enjoyment of the game must be added the great benefits physically which players derive from it. Granted some few are disabled now and then, but the percentage is small, and the benefit to the many more than counterbalances the bad results to the few.

The double-page picture in the Supplement represents an international foot-ball match between England and Scotland. The English team are in white jerseys with a rose on their breast; the Scotch team have dark jerseys with the thistle prominent. In the struggle depicted, the big English "forward," who has just been "tackled" by the Scotch "half back," is endeavoring to pass the ball to the "forward" on his left, who has followed him up for that purpose. The man to whom the ball is being passed will have to be a wonder to get clear of his opponents, and it seems probable, from the determined look on the face of the little Scotch "three-quarter back," who is waiting ready to spring upon him, that the Englishman will soon measure his length upon Mother Earth.

There is a great deal of life in the picture, the positions of the players being strictly accurate, and the expressions on their faces indicate very clearly the intense excitement they are undergoing. American foot-ball players will notice that, under the intercollegiate rules, the Scotchman lying on the ground has "foully tackled" his opponent.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

The control of the athletic sports of college students has received considerable attention from the faculties of the large colleges in this country. Decided action has been taken during the past three or four years to keep within reasonable bounds the time and attention which students were giving to athletics. It is a well-known fact that all the large colleges do more or less encourage athletic sports among their students, and nearly all these institutions have gymnasiums within close proximity to the recitation rooms, and an athletic field within easy access. There was a time when students had to be encouraged to enjoy the privileges of the athletic paraphernalia, but within the last dozen years times have changed, and the important question with the colleges now is, what regulations to pass to check the tendency of athletic sports to receive too much attention from the students.

As a sample of opposite views on the subject, those taken by the two largest universities in this country might be mentioned. The course of Harvard College for the past three or four years is considered to have been quite against the further encouragement of athletics, although its President personally believes that they have been beneficial to the college. Harvard has the finest college gymnasium in this country, and also employs the most complete methods for tracing good or bad results derived from athletics, yet some very stringent laws have been passed, which, had they not been modified, would undoubtedly have dampened the athletic feeling to a great extent. Yale College, on the other hand, has never made any special movement for encouraging athletics, unless we consider that the fact of her making no laws retarding them acts as an encouragement. Yale's prowess in athletics is too well known to need mention, and there seems to be no likelihood of any rules being made for some time to come restricting the indulgence in athletics by her students. It must not be inferred from this that Harvard is actually crushing athletics, or that Yale is paying no attention to them, but the impression seems to be that if extremes were mentioned those two would about meet the case.

The question will very naturally be asked, why should there be any difference in the way these colleges treat this subject? The answer to it probably would be that on account of unsatisfactory results being obtained from the athletic members in their studies, in one case, the authorities probably thought that athletics were the cause. Many of the college athletic competitions take place about the time of examinations, and only quite an unusual student, if he happens to be interested in athletics, can do as well in his examinations as though the athletic competitions were not there. The examinations of Yale speak most encouragingly for the students who are celebrated in athletics. In fact it is safe to go further than this, and say that the athletic members of that college are, as a rule, among the foremost on graduation day. With Harvard such has not been the case, although there have been many good athletes there who graduated with honors. Perhaps it might be interesting to quote a few opinions from many students of both institutions whom I have met, and although a liberal allowance for partisanship must be made when reading them, still there may be considerable truth in them. For instance, Yale men say that the reason their athletes stand so high in their studies is because there is a great feeling of personal pride among the students, and that as they are thrown more together when out of recitation than in other colleges, only one with very blunt sensibilities would neglect any opportunity for placing himself in good standing in his studies, especially if he were a good athlete, and was thereby brought into prominent notice. One can easily see that this might be the case, and as it would be pretty hard to disprove the theory it gains ground, and there is no doubt about its working to the benefit of both the college and the students.

Harvard men do not like to entertain any idea that their athletes do not make just as good students as athletes of other colleges, and they believe they have had many cases of athletic students who could not be thrown in the shade by any from other colleges. They claim that on account of so much diversity in study and pastime at Cambridge a good athletic student would not be apt to be noticed quite so much as he would anywhere else. Many Harvard men admit that there may not be quite the same democratic feeling or general congeniality at their college as is supposed to exist at Yale and several others; but they say that if that is the case, an athlete who is also prominent in his studies deserves all the more credit for having no other incentive than self-interest. President Eliot of Harvard has often said that his statistics proved that although students at Cambridge who were greatly interested in athletics would very often not make as good a showing as others would in their studies, still he had noticed that the same determination and perseverance which all good athletes have had proved most useful attributes in their after-business life.

Other colleges take a negative stand in regard to the subject, and any one case of restriction has been too trivial to attract notice. It is well known that with the growing interest in athletics the tendency for marauding and carrying on after dark by the students has been on the decline. Such is the story as told by representatives of Columbia, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Amherst, Williams, Lehigh, and Swarthmore, and it shows that so far athletics in these institutions are considered beneficial. Youth likes sport. All healthy young creatures enjoy frisking and gambolling, and college boys have animal spirits to use up as well as mental activity to employ. The question is how to keep the balance between them equal, and to make the healthy body minister to the healthy brain. It is certainly wiser for the faculty of a college to turn these natural animal spirits into forces which build up health and strength than to let them be expended in hazing Freshmen or putting cows into recitation rooms. If athletics ever monopolize the attention of students in all the colleges so much that the rulers should think it best to unite in a general law governing athletic competition, such considered action might correct the evil; but as it is, with only a very small part endeavoring to change customs, nothing practical has as yet been found.

An impression has gained considerable ground that some of the American colleges favor plenty of athletic sport for the students, because the successful athletes advertise the college which they represent. Whether or not there is any foundation for the claim, the simple fact remains that a college which has successful representatives in athletic sports manages throughout the course of the year to get pretty well advertised. It is for the directors of such institutions to say if the kind of advertising which athletic sport brings is conducive to the best interests of the colleges. Very few college presidents feel alike upon this subject, and even if one of them did think that such advertising worked to advantage for his college, he probably would be slow in admitting it. Therefore nothing definite will probably ever be made public so far as college athletic competitions being allowed to run their way on account of bringing college names prominently to notice, and any college which is thought to give extra encouragement to athletics for advertising purposes must expect such things to be said about it whether it is actually so or not.

Any one who is familiar with the large institutions of learning in this country can readily see that most of them do not have to bring themselves before public notice by the athletic prowess of their students, and although probably many a young man has been turned toward a certain college on account of its athletic reputation, still the number of them is without doubt so small, when compared with the number not influenced in that way, that it is not necessary to mention further details about the matter. So far the different colleges have shown a disposition to act independently; and really, when facts and results are looked into, no real harm has been found to have arisen from too much athletics in any one college; but the subject of the control of athletic competition should not be neglected until forcible measures have to be resorted to, for a strict eye on them can do no harm, and may bring about a great deal of good for all. In athletics, as in all other matters of life, there is always the steady conflict between the too much or the too little, and until young men acquire the wisdom which surely does not belong to youth, let alone aged mortals, there will be cases of both benefit and injury from athletics. The fact remains, however, that a healthy body and a healthy mind assist each other, as has been demonstrated in the great English universities, where the habits of the undergraduates are more robust than in this country. The statistics of the rowing crews of Oxford and Cambridge prove that a larger percentage of them are among the honor men of their classes than can be found among the non-athletic ones. It will take a generation of graduates from our universities before the matter can be tested and a careful reply made.

A LIVELY SPOT ON ELECTION DAY.

Election day in New York transforms the great city. The occasion is a holiday, and the business districts take on a neglected, dreary look, while uptown the streets are filled with people in holiday dress and leisurely temper. Overnight there has come a sudden epidemic of rude pine boxes decked with posters on the street corners, and around them are always crowds of political workers. These are the ticket booths, and each party or faction has men to watch the boxes of their opponents, because what trickery there is in a New York city election is nearly all in the handling of the tickets. The results of "deals" and bargains are that the tickets are wrongly bunched, or those of one candidate are given out from another one's boxes. As far as the voting is concerned, no elections in this country are more honestly conducted than those in New York. This is admitted by all who have studied the subject. The laws governing elections were framed by the Republicans to protect themselves in this Democratic stronghold, and they are as thorough as can be. Moreover, they are enforced by Republicans.

In the main the city is orderly on election day, though men of middle age can remember when mobs all but ruled the town while the voting went on. Yet there are districts wherein even this year there were echoes of the old turbulence. The artist whose sketch is on another page gives a hint of such scenes in a picture of what he saw at Pell Street and the Bowery, in an unregenerate region, where once the "Bowery Boys" and the "Dead Rabbits" fought out their quarrels, and where now the district leaders and candidates are apt to be liquor dealers. The reader may guess what a queer part of town it is when he hears that Pell Street lies between Baxter Street and Chinatown.

Here a local leader known as "Dry Dollar Sullivan" ran for the Assembly this year, and as it was an exciting race the temper of his vassals was not over-sweet, so that there were many "ructions," in which fists and paving-stones were used. The police in such cases are too apt to be neutral, even as between the law itself and its defiers, and so the roughs settle their quarrels, and quiet folk give them a wide berth.

CLOUD FANCIES.

The tall pines on the mountain-top
  Through the feathery mist are blue and faint,
And the clouds in graceful outlines drop,
  As the incense curls before a saint.

The peaks are lost now; but below
  The forest of pine-trees towers high,
Shred-like clouds from the branches blow
  As pennons from upheld lances fly.

A patch of light where sunbeams fall,
  Then is it wrapped in a misty shroud,
There are no mountains after all—
  Only a mass of billowy cloud.

Flavel Scott Mines.

A WAY-SIDE TOILET.

Mr. Helmick has truly caught the spirit of the scene in his picture of "A Way-side Toilet." The subject is one which is "familiar as household words" to all dwellers or sojourners on Irish soil. A group of "country girls" are on their way to market to dispose of their various wares, and as they draw near to the town take the favorable opportunity presented by the running stream to wash the dust of the highway from face, hands, and feet. The peasant girls rarely wear shoes except on such occasions as the present or when going to mass, and are only too glad to doff them again as quickly as possible. Two of the group are bringing in poultry in the large baskets we see set down beside them, with their shawls thrown carelessly on top, while another has a smaller basket carried on the arm beneath her shawl, in which one who has been among them for any length of time can see (with the mind's eye at least) delicious freshly churned butter and new-laid eggs. The girl in the background has still got the basket on her back in the manner in which it is borne. These baskets are great unwieldy things, called "clieves" by the natives, and are composed of stout osiers; they are square in shape, and have a rope or "*suggawn*" of twisted straw attached to one of the four sides, which is slung loosely across the breast, so as to support it evenly on the shoulders.

The artist must have come on this group unawares, as the abandon of their different positions proves conclusively how all unconscious they are of "havin' their picthers tuk." Besides their native modesty would take alarm at once did they dream they were observed by a male eye in a state of "deshabille," for in a short time after their ablutions are performed they will walk through the town as though they never went "barefooted" in all their lives.

Some hours later the same party will be found sitting by the road-side, divesting themselves of the uncomfortable shoes and stockings to which they are all so unaccustomed that it is a positive relief to get them off and consigned to the now empty baskets. This will be no sooner done than their spirits will rise again as they speed along their homeward road, their hearts as light as their unshod feet. If no basket is available the stockings are thrust into the shoes, the shoelaces are knotted together and thrown over the arm or shoulder, while the quondam wearers trip along chaffing each other with that ineffable good-humor and unconsciousness of toil or weariness so peculiarly the attribute of the "happy-go-lucky" Irish race.

IN CLOVER AND HEATHER.

There are greetings the wide world over,
  And blossoms wherever we roam,
But none like the heather and clover
  To welcome the wanderer home.

Warm-hearted with kindred devotion,
  Twin-sisters in sympathy true;
They whisper across the wide ocean,
  Love-laden with memory's dew.

In purple tints woven together,
  The Hudson shakes hands with the Tweed,
Commingling with Abbotsford's heather
  The clover of Sunnyside's mead.

A token of friendship immortal
  With Washington Irving returns:
Scott's ivy entwined o'er his portal
  By the blue-eyed lassie of Burns.

Their names by heather-bells wedded
  With fondness Columbia retains;
In freedom's foundation embedded
  The Lay of the Minstrel remains.

Ay, this their commission and glory,
  In the heart of the world to prolong
Love, liberty, legend, and story,
  That blossom in ballad and song.

So here's to the clover and heather
  Of river-side, mountain, and glen,
As I stand wi' doffed bonnet and feather
  At the yetts of my forbears again.

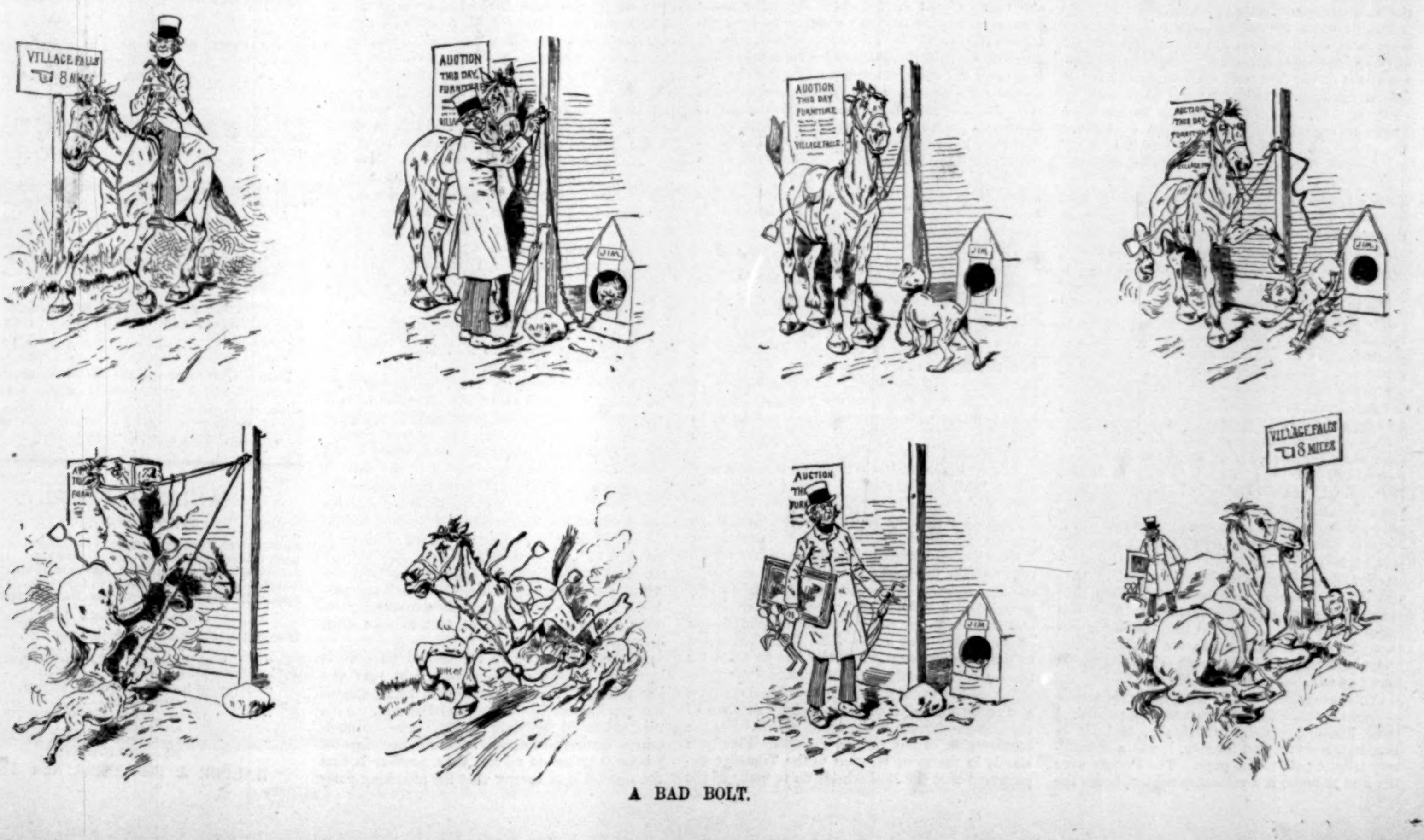
Wallace Bruce.

Edinburgh, *October* 29, 1889.

THE PAPAL COURT.

Ever since 1870, when the Italians took possession of the Eternal City, it has been reported again and again that the pope and his court propose to leave Rome, and establish themselves amid more friendly surroundings. At no time, however, have these reports been given with such persistence as is the case at present, just as at no time since the existence of the system the Catholic world has been so completely a unit in demanding the restoration of the temporal power for their spiritual head. Catholic congresses have been held in Germany, in Austria, in France, in Belgium, in Spain, in the United States, and elsewhere, in the last two or three years, and have given emphatic expression to their convictions in this regard.

The removal of the papal court would be an undertaking of no mean proportions, aside from the historic significance of such a step. In splendor and extent, it compares favorably with that of the leading nations of Europe. The Vatican



A BAD BOLT.